The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXXVI NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1933 NUMBER 984

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The Week

THE Disarmament Conference, which will shortly resume its sessions, meets this time under even more gloomy auspices than usual. Despite their customary facile promises, not one of the leading governments of the world, except perhaps that of Soviet Russia, really wants or believes in the possibility of disarmament today. Japan is determined to increase her navy as soon as existing agreements make it possible for her to do so. The United States has embarked upon a vast naval-building scheme which, while it is within the framework of existing obligations, has nothing else to commend it. Germany is obviously preparing to rearm, with or without the consent of the Allies. No other power is doing more than go through the routine motions of maintaining a pacific policy. Meanwhile, the war clouds continue to gather, and most of all between Germany and Austria, where the attempted assassination of Chancellor Dollfuss is sure to exacerbate a situation already bad enough. The meeting of the League Assembly has served to make plain the tensions throughout Western Europe; when the German delegate feels it necessary to attend accompanied by an armed bodyguard—the first such incident in the League's history—it is easy to see how serious are the antagonisms which exist today. Most of the plain people, in all countries, want peace; most of the governments, in all countries, are embarked upon courses which lead straight toward war.

IN Havana an army without officers laid siege to a hotel full of officers without an army. Their battle was bloody, meaningless and disheartening. Neither one side nor the other represented any important element of the Cuban people; both were symptoms of the anarchy that attacks a nation during a certain stage of a thoroughgoing social revolution. That anarchy is aggravated, in Cuba, by the fact that the political factions now struggling for power have no firm basis in Cuban society. The ABC and the OCCR, the sergeants' army and the Student Directory—all these groups belong essentially to the middle class, and their differences are more temperamental than objective. The Cuban workers are more radical and united; they are continuing to seize sugar plantations and organize a Red militia; but the army has begun shooting them down and arresting their leaders. As for the richer Cubans, they are for the moment taking no open part in politics. They hope that the present anarchy will lead to intervention, and they are doing their best to encourage it by refusing to pay taxes and thereby weakening the government. The United States is meanwhile reported to be strengthening its force in Cuban waters, where thirty warships have already been stationed. Theoretically those vessels are there to protect American lives; in practice they may have the opposite effect. Their presence is a threat to the Cuban workers and a promise to the Cuban merchants and landlords who are hoping for intervention. "Let anarchy continue," these richer

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Cubans say, "let a few more Americans be accidentally shot or deliberately murdered by so-called Communists, and then the Marines would land and our troubles would be over." The best way to protect American lives would be by evacuating from the island all those Americans whose presence there is not absolutely essential. The best way to promote a stable Cuban government would be to withdraw our warships and leave the island republic to settle its own destiny.

THE latest news from China is that the Japanese and the Nanking government have concluded a sort of robbers' truce. The Japanese are to be allowed a free hand in the North. In return for this, they will suppress the present rebellion there. Nanking will also do its share of suppressing: it will forbid all anti-Japanese boycotts and, principally, it will devote its undivided forces to a great Communist-suppression campaign in the center of the country. The Japanese will furnish part of the munitions for the campaign. This agreement fully confirms what was suspected two years ago—that the present Chinese government is more interested in exploiting and attacking its own people than in protecting them from foreign invasion.

A CHARACTERISTIC scheme of fascist economics is the ingenious device by which the German government expects to force German exports on the world at the expense of foreign creditors. The creditor will receive half his claim in cash, and the other half in scrip, which he can sell only through a syndicate to the German Gold Discount Bank, and only for 50 percent of its face value. He collects but 75 percent of his debt. The German Bank in turn will sell the scrip at 55 percent of its face value to German exporters. The scrip will, within Germany, be worth its full face value. The exporters who are to be thus subsidized must prove that they need the subsidy as compensation for selling abroad below their usual prices, in order to compete with producers in "other countries with depreciated currencies." From one point of view the economic principle behind this is sound enough, for the only way in which Germany or any other nation can pay foreign debts is to develop a surplus of exports over imports. If Germany cannot export, the creditors cannot collect at all, unless they or some others are willing to relend all that is paid. But the forcing of exports by subsidy is obviously contrary to any truly socialist policy of raising the standard of living in the home country. Soviet Russia, for instance, sends valuable goods out only in order to exchange them for the imports she needs, not to make profits for exporters. She would be glad if she were able to import without exporting at all.

WHEN the Ford workers struck at Edgewater, New Jersey, Ford refused to deal with them and announced that he had closed down his plant. Under the law, Ford is subject to the automobile code, despite the fact that he has not signed it. By Section 7 of the Recovery Act, written into that code, the employers explicitly recognize the right of employees to organize and bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing. Does an employer recognize that right when he refuses to deal with the representatives of organized employees, but instead, when there is a strike, shuts down his plant? We do not see how such an interpretation of the law could hold. If it did, any employer could nullify the right to bargain. The more completely the employees were organized, the more easily could he nullify it. Senator Wagner is reported in the press as saying that the National Labor Board could exercise no compulsion in this case, because it could not force an employer to open a plant. But that is not the issue. Ford does not have to open the plant unless he wants to, but he either has to deal with the labor representatives or violate the law. If that is not true, the law is meaningless and might better have remained off the statute books.

VIOLATIONS of civil rights, despite the provisions of the N.R.A., were recently brought to President Roosevelt's attention by a committee which represented several organizations specially concerned with the subject for one reason or another. They included the American Civil Liberties Union, the Conference for Progressive Labor Action, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the Trade Union Unity League and the Church League for Industrial Democracy. The delegation reported to Mr. Roosevelt that in spite of the terms of the National Recovery Act "workers are being met with the same kind of opposition as in the past—discrimination, injunctions, attacks by police, declarations of martial law, as in the miners' strikes in Utah and New Mexico, shooting by company gunmen, as in the case of the hosiery workers in Philadelphia, etc." It also emphasized the widespread discrimination against Negroes which continues to go on. The delegation asked for:

> A clear-cut declaration of the right of the workers to organize and bargain collectively; a declaration that the right to strike is in no way affected under the N.R.A.; a declaration against the use of police brutality, militia, etc., in labor disputes, avoidance of any coercion to force workers to join a particular union, and provision for minority representation on bargaining and grievance committees where there is more than one union in the field; a declaration outlawing company unions as not fulfilling the requirements of collective bargaining; a declaration in codes that employment of labor spies and other agencies coercing workers is against public policy; a declaration opposing discrimination against Negroes, and against granting exclusive rights to represent the workers in any industry to unions which by constitutional provision or otherwise bar Negroes from membership.

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THE attitude of the government on these matters is fairly well understood in Washington. It is in part that the officials are so busy getting all industry under the codes that they have not at present time to consider violations; in part, that some of these matters are for state and local authorities to control; and in part, that the workers must themselves fight for their rights and not lie back and expect the government to solve all their problems for them. The answer to these contentions is, however, that if the present treatment of labor in many parts of the country continues, the whole purpose of the Roosevelt plan will be destroyed. If that plan means anything at all, it is that a larger share of the national income shall go to the working population than in the past. Such a redistribution is only possible, as we point out elsewhere in this issue, if labor is free to organize, to bargain collectively and, if necessary, to go on strike in support of its objectives. It is an excellent thing that the President and his assistants should be reminded firmly of this fact.

MR. Thomas McCarter, president of the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey, asks his thousands of stockholders to protest to the State Board of Public Utility Commissioners at Trenton against proposed electric-rate reductions. According to Mr. McCarter, present electric rates are "just and reasonable." Demands for reduction "do not emanate from any sizable group served by the company," but, inspired "for political and other reasons," are a "part of planned propaganda which ignores facts, distorts truth and deals in misrepresentations." To prove his point, Mr. McCarter tells what a martyr to New Jersey his corporation has been. Rates have been reduced 25.7 percent in Public Service territory in post-war years; taxes have mounted 125 percent. The depression has cut Mr. McCarter's salary 25 percent, his employees' 15 percent; holders of common stock now receive ten cents less per share in quarterly dividends. Revenues have decreased by $4 million since January. The special excise tax on electricity, "scarcely felt by individual users because it was so widely distributed" when they had to pay it, now "bulks large" when the New Jersey corporation has to foot the bill.

HOWEVER, the picture is not so dark as it seems. Under Mr. McCarter, New Jersey Public Service has shown a record of earnings, an accumulation of surplus and a growth of plant which make this company among the biggest and most prosperous in the whole country. And Mr. McCarter is going to maintain this position come what may, not only for himself, but for the holders of his 5, 6, 7 and 8-percent preferred stock as well. Recent rate hearings disclosed that reduction requests came from the Broadway Newark Association, the Downtown Merchants' Association of Newark and the New Jersey Hotel Men's Association, surely "a sizable group served by the company" and hardly inspired by "political reasons." Mr. McCarter was on hand to warn the State Commissioners that rate reductions would mean a ten-cent fare on bus lines, operated by Public Service. His real plea for present rates, however, was based on patriotism—seeking lower electric rates at this time, averred Mr. McCarter, "is in complete contradiction of President Roosevelt's program." However, this flag-waving argument has not scared off the fighters for lower electric rates. They have countered with a report from Dr. John L. Bauer, New York rate expert, to the commission showing that Public Service is at present earning over $17 million more than a 6-percent profit, which it would still have if it cut consumers' rates 27 percent. With Muscle Shoals power to be sold at two cents per kilowatt, how a lowering of New Jersey rates is against Roosevelt's program, is something only a utilities official can explain.

THE Agricultural Adjustment Administration is already making plans in regard to the 1934 cotton crop; and as these plans stand today, they present at least one extremely serious problem. This year, the acreage-reduction scheme came after the cotton had been planted, and its benefits were shared—to a certain degree—between planters who own their land and tenants. Next year's plan, however, makes no provision for the tenant farmer. The government will rent some 15 million acres of land from the owners, at prices ranging from $3 to $11 per acre, based upon the productivity of the land in question over an extended period of time. The Texas Weekly, which calls attention to this situation editorially, states that the price the government will pay will amount to 25 percent of the potential value of the crop, or more, on a basis of ten-cent cotton, and that the planter will run no risk. Under such circumstances, The Texas Weekly points out, it is overwhelmingly probable that the planters will hold out of production land which would otherwise have been worked by tenant farmers or share-croppers. This means that 200,000 families, embracing one million persons, will be turned adrift. The plan of the A.A.A. makes absolutely no provision for them; and since they live at best on terms of dismal poverty, they will give the South a problem of charity of the first magnitude.

SINCE the production of cotton is in the future to be limited, and since modern methods make possible a much greater yield per acre than in the past, there is every reason to believe that these 200,000 families will be permanently unemployed. There is a popular assumption in the North that most of the tenant farmers in cotton are Negroes, to which the answer is twofold. First, even if the statement were true, the social problem involved would be just as serious, and second, it is not true. A large percentage of these tenant families are white. To be sure, the solution to the question is

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not to be found in continuing to grow more cotton than can be sold. It will be necessary ultimately to find new occupations for the surplus workers in this as in other overmanned industries. In the meantime, however, care should be taken that the first fruit of a plan for restoring prosperity in the South shall not be to throw a million people under the shadow of starvation.

MANY persons have read, in the daily press and elsewhere, alarming statistics about the percentage of real estate in various cities which has been taken over by the municipality because taxes had not been paid on it. Some interesting light has been thrown upon this situation by Philip H. Cornick of the Institute of Public Administration, New York City, who reported his findings at a recent conference on public finance at the University of Chicago. Mr. Cornick has discovered that at least four-fifths of these real-estate holdings are vacant lots. People usually manage to pay the taxes on their homes; what they abandon are lots purchased on a speculative basis for a rise in value which never materialized. Speculative subdividers are the only persons who have made money on these lots—and their profits usually come at the expense of the taxpayers in general. City improvements such as streets, sewers, sidewalks, et cetera, often cost the municipality from $2 to $6 for every dollar that the subdivider invests. In theory, those who buy from him are supposed to pay for these improvements; but in times of depression this does not happen. The real-estate man has taken his profit; the municipality is left holding the bag. Once again, the community pays a high and bitter price for maintaining the luxury of "private initiative" in a field which properly belongs in the realm of social operation.

THE appearance of two little magazines, Blast and The Anvil, must be recorded as a straw in the literary wind. Both are mouthpieces of proletarian literature, the first fruits, perhaps, of the critical debates that have been raging for the past months; both, by their simple external appearance, testify eloquently to the difficulties their editors faced in getting them out. The first issues will hardly excite the enthusiasm of lovers of prose or lovers of fine printing, but they are respectable efforts and they are almost entirely given over to the work of young and unknown writers. As such, they suggest a comparison with the little magazines, Broom, The Little Review and dozens of others, which flourished and died in the period immediately after the War. The editors and contributors of those magazines were also forced to build up their own publications if they were to have a hearing; editors of established magazines had no sympathy with their technical and stylistic experiments or with their moral and social convictions. Writers took the business of publishing into their own hands, rallied under the banner of Esthetic Independence and from abroad conducted a guerilla warfare against the accepted literary standards and their defenders. The little magazines had an influence out of proportion to their circulations; they launched writers who afterwards came to dominate a good part of the literary scene; they trained editors and educated the audience. The proletarian magazines face the same difficulties as their predecessors, together with those which always accompany unpopular political opinions, inexperience and drastically reduced resources. One difference is significant. The advance-guard magazines of the twenties, railing against American civilization primarily from an esthetic point of view, were edited in Rome, Paris, Vienna and half the capitals of Europe. These new arrivals, preaching the international revolution, hail from such plain American addresses as Mount Hope Place, Brooklyn, and Moberly, Missouri.

More and Better Strikes

HARDLY a day passes now that someone does not say in public that recovery is being obstructed by strikes. The usual conclusion is that there ought to be a truce similar to that which was supposed to exist in wartime, that labor and capital ought to maintain the status quo until recovery is achieved. This is dangerous doctrine: if there is an effort to put it into effect there will either be more serious "labor trouble" than we have experienced so far, or else, if the effort succeeds, the whole program of recovery will be imperiled. Far from interfering with recovery, the use of strikes to date has, for the most part, increased the chance for it. There probably ought to be more strikes and bigger ones rather than less.

We say this not because we believe that a strike is a desirable thing in itself. It would be better if labor could make the necessary gains in status, in wages and hours, without industrial conflict. But a strike is often by far the less injurious of two evils. The other evil, and the worse one, is often to submit without effective complaint to the conditions which the strike is designed to correct. By ceasing work for a day or two, a week, or at most a month (few important strikes last long under present conditions), the workers cause a certain amount of unemployment, a certain loss of wages, a certain lapse of production. But if they did not so bring the dispute to a head, there would often follow a much larger volume of unemployment and loss of wages over many months, because hours were not short enough or wages high enough to maintain adequate purchasing power.

To accept the status quo would be to accept the conditions under which depression has continued. The whole recovery effort of the administration is based on the premise that the status of labor must be improved. Labor simply cannot agree, and should not be permitted by the present administration to agree, that it will not strive continually for gains.

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But how about the activities of the administration itself? Do not these bring to labor all the gains to which it is entitled, without further activity on the part of labor itself? That is a theme often played, with variations, by employers, local N.R.A. committeemen, editorial writers, and even by some labor officials themselves. Let us see how much truth there is in it.

The administration, through the codes, has set minimum wages. It has not, in most cases, set scales above the minimum. It has set no maximum wages at all. It has merely sought to put a bottom to the exploitation of labor, to place a mark below which standards cannot go. This leaves the earnings of the vast majority of wage earners still open to adjustment. The recovery logic requires, not only that minima be increased, but that increases be made all along the line. How are these other increases to take place? Merely by the good will of enlightened employers? Even the most enlightened—and there are not many of them—are limited in this respect by the action of their competitors. Collective action by labor is clearly the only answer.

Even the standards which the government has set need to be enforced. Washington does not have a policeman in every factory. Who is going to know, and who is going to protest, if the hours worked are longer than are agreed, if minimum-wage provisions are violated or evaded? Individual employees seldom are able to do so, and they risk their jobs if they do. Again, collective labor action is the police force on which the government must rely.

The government has written into the codes the right of collective bargaining. It has done this, not merely because the right is desirable abstractly, but because a genuine, energetic labor movement is needed for such purposes as those outlined above. But the existence of sentences in code does not bring collective bargaining into being. The government has not organized unions, and rightly has not done so. Employers cannot organize unions that are genuinely representative of the workers, although they sometimes try to prevent true collective bargaining by this means. It is elementary that, in the great stretches of un-unionized industry in the United States, unions must be organized by the action of the workers themselves. This often necessitates a strike, because not many employers who have opposed unions will meekly consent to deal with the chosen representatives of the workers unless the workers compel them to do so.

The real task of the administration is to render the lesser evil of strikes unnecessary—or as unnecessary as it can—by establishing means of avoiding the greater evils at which strikes are aimed. This is the true function of the National Labor Board and its subsidiary bodies. If workers organize to present demands to employers, and the employers decline to deal with the workers, the latter should not be compelled to strike in order to prove their right to be heard. A plea to the Labor Board should result in an order from the Board which will bring the employers into conference. Such an order would seem to be necessitated by the guarantee of collective bargaining in the law. If the employer complains that the union in question does not really represent his employees, and there is genuine doubt about the matter, the Labor Board can hold an election to find out. If unions and employers cannot agree in conference, the Board may arbitrate, and so satisfy the workers' just demands. As the last resort, strikes may be necessary, both to bring the employers into line and to check the decisions of the Board. The ultimate right to strike can never be denied. But skillful action on the part of mediatory and arbitrating authorities is the only just way, and the only desirable way, of minimizing the number and importance of strikes.

Before anyone begins to deplore a strike, he should inform himself about the circumstances. Have the workers' chosen representatives been heard by the employers? Is the strike against a violation of a code? Have the employers consented to arbitrate? Are the demands in themselves extravagant and unjustified? Without knowledge of all these matters it is impossible to know whether the strike in question is really a hindrance to recovery or a push behind it. General and undiscriminating agitation against strikes is a peril to the aims of the nation as now expressed by Congress and the President.

The United Front against War

WHILE the New York press of October 2 gave columns to accounts of the meetings of the Catholic Charities, the Anti-Saloon League and the local Chinese Kuomintang, it passed over entirely or gave at best brief and deprecatory notice of the United States Congress Against War held during the preceding two days. Such publicity as the occasion received was chiefly in connection with the arrival of Henri Barbusse as one of the conveners of the Amsterdam Congress held a year ago, and envoy to America of European forces in the struggle against war. The news value of this event was increased by the stupidity of the immigration officers, who detained M. Barbusse from landing for more than an hour on the ground of danger to our institutions. The exercise of common sense, which is beginning to characterize the Immigration Department, released M. Barbusse in time to permit him to receive the tribute of some ten or twelve thousand people gathered in the Mecca Temple and the St. Nicholas arena and the streets outside. Common sense worked too slowly to permit the arrival of Tom Mann until after the Congress was over.

The Congress itself was more impressive than the mass assembly which preceded it. There were present 2,616 delegates representing thirty-five states, including those as far away as Wyoming, Oregon and Texas. Culturally the groups included

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delegates from organizations classified as fraternal (370), educational (264), trade union (450), unemployed (135), women's (106), pacifist (178), farmers' (50), foreign language (384), student (100), Communist (200). There was a delegate from a post of the American Legion, one from a National Guard unit, and one of the speakers wore the uniform of the United States Army. This wide representation was due to a determined effort to create and preserve a united front on the part of all forces and organizations opposed to war as a means of settling disputes among nations.

Unfortunately the Socialist party withdrew from participation in the Congress some weeks ago, on account of reflections by The Daily Worker, the Communist newspaper, upon the sincerity of its attitude toward war. That these attacks were without basis it is needless to say. Admission of their falseness is implicit in the recognition of the fact that a condition of the successful continuation of the movement by means of a united front is the return to it of the Socialist party as a national body. One cause of scandal in the ranks of the radicals today is the constant recrimination between the two parties which look toward a revolutionary change in the social order, a recrimination so virulent, as The New Republic ironically observed during the last campaign, that it made a protest vote for Hoover seem an attractive alternative. No better opportunity is likely to present itself for these parties to learn to practise a mutual toleration and coöperation than that afforded by their common opposition to war.

The abstention of the Socialist party left the Communists in the majority among the delegates and audience. It must be said that their leaders showed a wise measure of restraint, if not of conciliation, in accepting as members of the presiding committee and of the committee on resolutions certain delegates representing trade unions but personally belonging to the group of dissidents known as the Communist Opposition. The atmosphere of the gathering was undoubtedly colored by Communist feeling and characteristic forms of expression, to such an extent indeed that representatives of pacifist societies found themselves looking at one another askance and wondering if in seeking to escape from international war they were being committed to the doctrine of the class war. It must be remembered that the Communists, like the I.W.W.'s and other groups regularly subjected to repression by force, necessarily react by verbal violence, which becomes a ritual in the same way in which the pacifism of the New Testament becomes a ritual. Communists believe in the inevitable coming of a revolution as Christians believe in the Apocalypse, both occasions to be attended by various forms of unpleasantness for certain people; but Communists do not anticipate the event by practising violence any more than Christians practise the Sermon on the Mount. A good deal of wild talk at the Congress boiled down to a series of resolutions which recognize the underlying economic causes of war—causes which, of course, cannot be removed by any amount of denunciation.

The oratory, even at its wildest, was animated by a deep resolve to do away with these causes, a resolve shared by farmers, workers and youth. No one who realizes the horror and the imbecility of war among peoples can blame the bitterness with which representatives of those who bear the cost of it speak in condemnation of a social order which permits it, which expends resources in preparing for it, which refuses to renounce it even as a primary condition of the survival of what we call civilization. That this social order under direction of its ruling class tends today to assume a specifically militant form is recognized in the name adopted for the permanent organization born at the Congress—the American League Against War and Fascism.

The Leipzig Trial: First Phase

TWO WEEKS have now passed since the opening of the Reichstag-fire trial. Partly through the clumsy maneuvers of the prosecution, partly through the courage and intelligence of the Communist defendants, Torgler and Dimitroff, the meaning of the trial has now become apparent and the motives of the Nazis in carrying it through have been made clear. For the real mystery of the trial was never the question of who burned the Reichstag. The real mystery was why, with the evidence against Torgler, Dimitroff, Popoff and Taneff so flimsy, and the evidence against the Nazis so powerful, the German authorities risked bringing the case to an open trial, why they risked the embarrassing questions which might be asked, the disclosures which might be made, or, if nothing more, why they risked the dramatic focusing of world attention on an episode so discrediting to themselves.

It becomes clear that an open trial was intended to counteract hostile public opinion abroad rather than to answer critics at home. As far as the German people were concerned, the censorship made it immaterial what sort of trial was held; the controlled press was bound to report what the Nazis wanted it to report regardless of what actually happened in the courtroom, and even now the news stories circulated in Germany carry none of the information that is featured in the foreign dispatches. Within Germany, damaging contradictions can be suppressed and irrelevant charges highly publicized. But outside Germany, the press has obstinately refused to be controlled, and the history of the National Socialist efforts to control it has been a series of blunders. Meanwhile, the international protest against the methods of the terror in general and against the obvious framing of Torgler and the other Communists in particular, forced the Nazis into a position in which further evasion was

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equivalent to a confession of guilt. If there had been no other charges, the conclusion reached by the International Legal Commission of Inquiry, after its exhaustive investigation, that the Communists were innocent and that high officials of the National Socialists were probably responsible for the fire, was too fully justified by the evidence and too widely accepted to be ignored. Consequently, the pretense of a fair trial was at once an effort to calm world opinion, to refute the charges of the suppression of all civil liberties in Germany and to exonerate the Nazis of the published charges against them.

The pretense was quickly exposed. On the second day of the trial, before the defendants were called to the stand, the foreign correspondents were treated to the spectacle of a famous alienist testifying to the superhuman cunning of van der Lubbe at a moment when that enigmatic individual was displaying the characteristics usually associated with feeble-mindedness or doped apathy. The trial showed two things: careful preparation by the authorities and the consistent revelation of the stage-management. The machinery creaked; the witnesses betrayed themselves in spite of the promptings of the presiding judge; the proofs of prearrangement multiplied. Among the conspicuous examples is the fact that the telegraphed alibis of two prominent National Socialists, Edmund Heines and Count Helldorf, named in "The Brown Book of the Hitler Terror" and elsewhere as the actual incendiaries, were read into the record with no attempt at confirmation. Only the lawyer representing Torgler, Dr. Alfons Sack, made a real defense; it was soon revealed that the other defendants had not even conferred with their attorneys. Van der Lubbe's own confession, though supposedly in his own words, showed a remarkable fluency and literary finish.

Of two witnesses for the prosecution who testified that they had known van der Lubbe and discussed the fire with him, one, Panknin, a Nationalist, contradicted himself in giving his testimony, while the other, Paul Zachow, an unemployed worker called from a concentration camp to testify, became hysterical on the stand and cried out incoherently that he had suffered enough. These dramatic betrayals of prearrangement and intimidation were not brought out by skillful cross-examination by the defense. They were brought out by the confusions and contradictions in the prosecution's own case, and made conspicuous by the unreliability and low mental caliber of the prosecution's own witnesses.

The stage management of the trial was more clearly exposed when Dimitroff, the Bulgarian Communist leader who was arrested while in exile in Germany, defied court procedure and the warnings of the presiding judge and cross-examined the witnesses himself. Both Torgler and Dimitroff seized the opportunity presented by the trial to make eloquent explanations of the aims of communism; Torgler requested that the program of the Communist International be read into the record in his defense, and Dimitroff twice forced the court to adjourn by his questioning. On September 27, when he demanded that van der Lubbe tell who had aided and advised him in firing the Reichstag—the first time the question was directly stated—the presiding judge immediately called a recess and at the end of it declared the court adjourned. The next day, even more sensationally, Dimitroff trapped Judge Vogt, the Berlin magistrate whose original examination of the defendants provides the basis for the state's case, into several damaging confessions, one of which was that the magistrate had given out a press statement linking van der Lubbe with the Bulgarian defendants before the latter had been arrested or questioned. As Vogt became increasingly rattled and the presiding judge tried to stop Dimitroff's questioning, the pretense of Nazi justice became farcical—the five supreme-court justices left the courtroom lest they hear any more, and the presiding judge crowned the absurdity by threatening Dimitroff with expulsion from the court where he is on trial for his life.

What this means, of course, is simply that the Nazis dare not risk even a gesture toward fairness or impartiality. The conduct of the trial revealed that it had been elaborately planned, yet at each step the preparations broke down through the fallibility of human beings—through the unreliability of individuals willing to act as conscious partners in a crude intrigue, and through the stupidity of individuals so undeveloped mentally that they are able to believe Nazi propaganda. It seems safe to assume that in the future the National Socialists will prefer to face worldwide suspicion and distrust rather than risk further exposure by maintaining a pretense of justice. Though they may exercise every sort of intimidation on prisoners and witnesses, there will always be the possibility that in a courtroom their own creatures will expose them. Certainly the Reichstag trial so far, in spite of all efforts by the court, has become a trial of Nazi ideals in which the defendants at the peril of their lives are acting as prosecuting attorneys.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1933, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY. BRUCE BLIVEN, PRESIDENT. DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER.

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Good News from Russia

A YEAR ago, when it was announced that the Soviet Union had surpassed every other country in Europe in the output of its heavy industries, skeptics shrugged their shoulders—declaring that Russians could not eat pig iron. At the time this rejoinder seemed to be extremely pertinent. Industrial production had more than doubled during the first Five Year Plan, but at the cost of a reduced standard of living for the majority of Soviet workers. The amazing speed with which collectivization had been accomplished had aggravated rather than solved the agrarian problem. The task of training fifty million peasants in the technique of large-scale farming proved more difficult than was anticipated, particularly when the government had so little to offer in exchange in the form of consumers' goods. Overzealous grain collections, drought and sabotage had resulted in two disastrous harvests and a consequent food shortage throughout the country. What matter that great modern factories had been erected for the production of automobiles and tractors if there was no bread?

Today Russia has shown that it can eat pig iron! The bountiful harvest of 1933 is the Soviet workers' first dividend on the capital that they invested in the Five Year Plan. Pig iron has been wrought into steel; steel has been transformed into tractors and other agricultural machinery; and these, in turn, have become the primary factors in organizing and carrying through the Soviets' most successful agricultural campaign. In these facts lies the key to the amazing paradox of a record harvest at a time when the foreign press has been reporting a widespread famine.

Soviet leaders are frankly jubilant over the turn of events. With industry advancing more smoothly than at any other time since the beginning of the Five Year Plan, they see the victory on the "agricultural front" as the turning point in the battle for socialism. While complete figures on this year's harvest are not yet available, it is known to be one of the best in recent years. Preliminary reports are distinctly encouraging. According to a recent press dispatch, 58 million acres of grain had been threshed by August 20, as compared with 31 millions on the same date in 1931. Car loadings of grain have been running between 8,000 and 9,000 daily as against less than half that number last year. All of the principal districts have completed their August grain deliveries, a good omen in a country like Russia where a large harvest in one region is frequently nullified by failure in another.

Although much of the credit for this year's bumper crop must be attributed to the favorable weather conditions prevailing during the greater part of the growing season, the human factor appears to have been of primary importance. Success was achieved only after a concentration of national effort unparalleled in peacetime. Realizing more than a year ago that the whole Soviet economic program was endangered by the shortage of food, the Communist party sponsored a series of measures designed to remedy the situation. Decrees were issued in May, 1932, lowering the amount of grain procurements and permitting collectives to dispose of their surpluses on the open market. At the end of September a new series of orders was issued which called a halt to the rapid expansion of the sown area and stressed instead the necessity of increasing the yield per acre. Steps were taken to improve the quality of the seed, to obtain a more adequate supply of fertilizers and to increase the output of all types of agricultural machinery. But as reports from the fall sowing campaign began to come in, it was evident that these measures would not suffice to restore peasant initiative. Pessimism prevailed even within the ranks of the Communist party when it was realized that the area sown to winter grain in the fall of 1932 was less than the previous year, and that only 60 percent of the preliminary plowing for the spring sowing had been carried out. Despair was the deeper, moreover, because no one seemed to know what the next step should be.

An abrupt change in outlook took place, however, on January 19, 1933, when an order was issued replacing the system of grain procurements by an obligatory, fixed grain tax. The advantage of the new arrangement for the peasant was immediately obvious. Each collective was to be informed of the exact amount of the tax which was to be levied upon it, while the individual members of the collectives were to be allowed to dispose of their share of the surplus as they saw fit, after proper reserves had been set aside for feed and fodder. The quotas were in every case extremely low, averaging about 15 percent of the amount harvested in 1932. While the adoption of this system will probably necessitate the abandonment of the long-standing policy of providing industrial workers with rationed bread at low fixed prices, the importance to urban dwellers of knowing that they will have an adequate supply of bread is far greater than the number of additional kopecks which they will have to pay for it. To some extent, moreover, the increased cost of grain obtained from the collectives will be counterbalanced by the rapid growth of state farms, where the bulk of the output continues to go to the government. As a matter of fact, the grain quotas set for the state farms were

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raised when it became apparent that there would be an abundant harvest.

The state also took steps to standardize the form of organization of the collectives so as to remove the uncertainty which had previously existed regarding the apportionment of the work and the division of the year's surplus. The piece-work system, adopted two years ago, was retained and strengthened by a decree dividing farm work into seven different categories, each carrying with it a different rate of payment. Special instructions were issued regarding the repair of tractors, the cleaning of seed and the organization of the brigades on each collective in preparation for the spring sowing campaign.

Most important of the measures adopted for the improvement of the agricultural situation, however, was the mobilization of some 25,000 picked Communists and Comsomols for organization work on the machine-tractor stations and state farms. While this move is reminiscent of a similar step taken in 1929, when several thousand Communist organizers were also sent into the rural areas for political work, it differs from the former experiment in one important respect. In the earlier period the party members were sent directly to the collectives, while in the past year they have worked through the 2,500 recently established machine-tractor stations, which act as a coördinating and educative force in Soviet agriculture. The distinction is a vital one. Instead of being intruders whose presence was deeply resented, as was frequently the case in the previous period, the political representatives have been in a strategic position where they could demand that the collectives make adequate preparations for the sowing and harvest campaigns and that they conform in general to the government's new agricultural program. Or to put it in Soviet phraseology, the *politotdel* have been furnished with the material base which is essential for their effective operation.

The work of these so-called political departments is as complex as the problem with which they are faced. It is their responsibility, for instance, to discover the causes of the widespread breakage of agricultural machinery, and as far as possible to remedy the situation. If they find that the tractor drivers have had inadequate training, they are expected to see that more thorough instruction is instituted; if the breakage is due to carelessness, as is usually the case, it is the function of the political departments to impress upon the peasants the importance of better care of machinery; while if the damage is the result of deliberate sabotage, it is their task to see that the malefactors are duly punished. It is also the duty of the *politotdel* to investigate the causes of inefficiency, and to replace ineffective managers by others who give indication of being better able to assume responsibility. In short, their task is that of social and political education, the effectiveness of which should be evident in an improvement in the routine work of the collectives. Such success as they have attained, moreover, should be permanent, for once the peasants have mastered the technique of collective agriculture, there is little danger that it will ever be forgotten.

Although it would be manifestly inaccurate to attribute the entire success of the spring sowing campaign to the political departments, it is nevertheless significant that the state and collective farms, where the *politotdels* were operative, more than fulfilled their quota of the spring planting while the individual peasants fell more than 20 percent short of their allotment. Both the collective and the state farms got a much earlier start than in previous years, the seed was cleaner and the weeding more adequately done. In a country where the growing season is as short as it is in large sections of Russia, early planting is one of the most effective means of increasing the yield per acre. Consequently, considerable importance is attached to the experiment, first tried on a large scale this year, of sowing on the mud before the soil is dry enough to permit the operation of mechanical seeders. On many of the larger state farms a considerable amount of acreage was sown by airplane this past spring—an amazing innovation in a land where but a few years ago the date for the spring sowing was rigidly fixed—and that too late—by one of the hierarchy of saints.

The Bolsheviks attribute the triumph of the political departments primarily to the fact that this year, for the first time, the machine-tractor stations have been able to reach the majority of the collective farms. Competent foreign observers estimate that this spring there were no less than 125,000 tractors on Soviet farms, of which nearly 90 percent were in good repair—as compared with a bare 75,000 in the previous year, nearly half of them unfit for service. Added to these were nearly 15,000 combines, the majority of Soviet manufacture. This relative abundance of tractors and other types of agricultural machinery has been made possible by the increased output of the great new tractor factories at Kharkov and Stalingrad, and by the general improvement in the production of heavy industry. The increase in tractor production has not been spectacular, but has been due to far greater regularity in the day-to-day output. Total production for the first seven months of 1933 has been approximately 40,000 tractors, as compared with less than 25,000 during the same period in 1932. With the recent opening of a large new plant in Chelyabinsk, a further large increase in output is expected during the forthcoming year.

While the best records have been made by the tractor and automobile plants which are well above their quotas, industry as a whole has recovered remarkably from the slump of last year. Coal output, which had fallen as low as 158,000 tons daily, has recently averaged approximately 200,000 tons. The iron and steel industry had increased its pro-

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duction from a low point of 12,000 and 10,000 tons daily last fall to 20,000 and 18,000, respectively, early this summer. Moreover, the customary lag in industrial output in the summer months, because of vacations and the return of peasants to the fields, has been less noticeable than in recent years. The volume of coal production in July equaled that of June and was 30 percent greater than in the corresponding month of 1932. Iron-ore output dropped about one percent in July over June, but was a third more than in July, 1932. Iron and steel production was also running from a quarter to a third higher than last year. Other basic industries, such as cement, oil, chemicals and railway equipment, show an average increase of approximately 40 percent above the low points reached last year. While the railroads have not kept pace with the growth of industry, the slackening in building operations since the close of the first Five Year Plan has somewhat relieved the abnormal congestion which previously prevailed. Car loadings at the end of May had risen to a daily average of 53,000, the highest on record.

One of the most striking changes to be observed in Russia this summer is the vast increase in consumers' goods which are on display in the stores. While it is true that the prices of these articles are for the most part exorbitant, the fact that they can be bought at any price is a distinct gain. Competent observers declare that in spite of the high prices, the average Soviet worker can obtain a greater amount of goods than at any other time in recent years. This is not due so much to an increase in production—the output of the light industries is still lagging seriously—as to more efficient means of distribution. Moreover, a tendency is observable, not universally as yet, for a reduction in prices of many of the articles sold at the high-price luxury shops. Incredible though it may seem, bargain sales were held at many of the big Moscow department stores this past spring at which reductions up to 30 percent were advertised. There is every evidence that the inflation which has been taking place during the last few years has been definitely checked.

As a result of the greater supply of goods and the various measures adopted by the government to check the abnormally high labor turnover, the morale of the Soviet worker has markedly improved. Most observers feel that with the improvement in food conditions resulting from the harvest, many of the more serious problems in connection with labor mobility will have been solved. Its twin evil—bureaucracy—still remains, but progress is observable even in this field.

In view of the truly remarkable advance made during the past year, it is difficult to explain the large number of reports in the American press depicting famine conditions in Russia and dwelling upon the extreme inefficiency of its industries. While it is not easy to confirm or deny the rumors of actual starvation, there has undoubtedly been widespread malnutrition which has contributed to an increased death rate during the past year. To a certain extent, therefore, even some of the most distressing stories contain an element of truth. But conditions do not seem to have been nearly so bad as many of the Moscow correspondents believed them to be. Russians are prone to exaggeration, and frequent cases could be cited where lurid stories of "starvation" have turned out to have originated merely from speculation as to possible consequences in event conditions do not improve. Then again, many of these tales appear to have been created in the hope that relatives in foreign countries might not use the depression as an excuse for discontinuing remittances in *valuta,* a situation that could be matched in other countries besides Russia. Finally, large numbers of tourists go to the Soviet Union totally lacking in perspective and, wittingly or unwittingly, use the United States as a yardstick for their evaluations.

Granting that the outside world may never exactly know the suffering that Russia has undergone during the past twelve months, there is every reason to believe that the worst is over. Living standards may continue to be lower than those prevailing in the more advanced countries for some years, but it would be difficult to convince any Communist that they will remain so indefinitely. All of the major problems still remain, but in diminished degree. There is still a great scarcity of consumers' goods, and the quality of Soviet manufacture is frequently poor. Bureaucracy is as yet extremely trying to the average American, and unnecessarily wasteful of Soviet energy. Offices in particular are greatly overstaffed. Labor efficiency is low. Nearly ten times as many man-hours are required to produce a Ford car in Nizhni-Novgorod as in Detroit. Millions of peasant youths must still be taught the discipline and precision that must accompany a machine civilization. Moreover, it is possible that the relative prosperity that is in sight may create new difficulties by strengthening the acquisitive tendencies of the peasants.

Serious as these problems are, Soviet leaders are to be pardoned if they look back on the past year with considerable satisfaction. In addition to the steady development of industry, striking successes have been achieved in the field of international politics. The Soviet Union has avoided an open break with Japan. It has concluded treaties or non-aggression pacts with most of the principal countries of Europe, with the exception of Germany. It has gracefully escaped from Britain's economic blockade; and of all the countries at the World Economic Conference, Russia alone emerged with concrete achievements. And finally, but by far the most important, has been the apparent solution of the difficult agricultural problem. It is not impossible, therefore, as many Russians suggest, that 1933 will go down in Soviet history as having even more lasting significance than 1917.

MAXWELL S. STEWART.

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Gastonia: Outpost of Recovery?

GASTON COUNTY, North Carolina, with its hundred and four mills, is the cotton-spinning capital of the United States. For years the name of Gastonia has been synonymous with child labor, with unlimited hours at starvation wages, with unemployment out of season and in season alike. However, early this summer the revival of trade started the cotton spindles turning again, and directly thereafter the cotton textile became the first of our major industries to operate under a code. Recently Gastonia has been the scene of a gold rush, Southern style. At what should be the bottom of the late-summer slump the mills have been running two and three shifts a day. Nineteen thousand, nine hundred were on the pay rolls—and not one spindle was tended by a child.

Here, then, is the earliest opportunity to see a Southern mill town at work without the use of child labor. Moreover, at a time when coal, motor and oil operatives have barely begun working under codes, here is a great industrial center which has been run since mid-June under the N.R.A. What immediate benefits have these workers received from the new dispensation?

Back in the rugged days of individualism, Saturday was pay day in Greater Gastonia. Now, with shorter hours and a five-day week, there are three pay days—Wednesday, Thursday, Friday; one for every eight-hour shift—and mill hands are free to give over the whole Saturday to the favorite pastime of small towns in the South, "visitin' roun'." Street corners and sidewalks are crowded then from noon until dark, as family groups stroll back and forth, spending their shares of the new leisure and the weekly pay roll of $300,000. Most of this will be turned over immediately, for, as one furniture dealer puts it, "folks were worn right down to the slats." Everything that has wheels and a license plate is rolling; the streets are full of new cars and there is not a used one for sale or to hire. Like the instalments on merchandise, rents on company houses are payable weekly: twenty-five cents a room, with a modicum of running water and electricity included. None goes barefoot but the children, and they have shoes for Sunday school. One recalls Miss Perkins's statement this spring, that the next American revolution will be over when everyone in the whole South has shoes.

By comparison with the temper of industrial towns in the North, it would be easy to grow solemn in Gastonia over what seems an atmosphere of precocious optimism. Be that as it may, next week your Southern mill hand will begin to buy a new watch, his old one going to meet the down payment. The N.R.A. has meant an opportunity for him and his wife and their daughter to earn $38.50 per week among them, whereas five years ago he earned $17.50, while his children worked beside him as "learners" for fifty cents or $1.50 apiece. It means, too, that he already has bought a $10 radio, a piece of a car to go to work in, a pair of overalls to be kept fresh for his informal Saturdays, and that he knows how his daughter came by the money to pay for her marcel. These, for him, are all solid satisfactions, all so much clear gain.

From the short-time point of view, then, the cotton spinner is well off. But however striking may be the outward contrast between his present state and his lot of yesterday, can he hold the gains that have been thrust upon him? Is Gastonia an outpost of real economic recovery, or does the old game go on under new rules?

Today, Gastonia still is talking about the first prosecution that has taken place under the new—or any other—child-labor law. Since August 1, children no longer may work in the mills at any time, but during summer months they may have permits to work in stores between the daylight hours of 7:00 and 7:00. On August 3, after having given him two warnings, county welfare officers haled the town's leading dry-goods merchant into court for working a child at night. The case was continued until efforts could be made, through the customary channels of lodge and church, to have the charge withdrawn, but those efforts failing, the merchant pleaded guilty and was charged with costs. The Gastonia Daily Gazette, which shortly before had clamored editorially for official action upon alleged quota violations in several mills, recorded the child-labor prosecution on an inside page, in one sentence of diamond type. For our present purposes the incident is significant because of the psychological bias it betrays: the attitude, that is, of the home-owning, tax-paying business man and his press, whose sympathies are all with the industrial worker so long as that worker is merely an instrument for tapping the funds of a business which, in its turn, can pass the cost along to the country at large. In the welfare of the cotton spinner and his family as human beings, however, your local merchant can feel small concern.

And what of the mill owners of Gaston County? There is, naturally, no open complaint because children are excluded from the mills, though there is a good deal of grumbling because at the moment of resuming operations the owners have been squeezed from the other side, and have been forced to meet the processing tax of $21 a bale, which goes to pay the cotton farmer for plowing under a third of his crop. Their immediate necessity, since they must hire adults, is to buy the most effective

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labor they can; and to further this end their superintendents have speeded up the training of apprentices. The "learner," toiling through months of full-time labor for a trifle, will be no more—while anyone obeys the code. We have determined how long it need take cotton spinners to become proficient by questioning several of them who never worked in the mills until the child-labor law was enforced. After an apprenticeship of two weeks they already are receiving the new minimum wage.

The immediate temptation which confronts mill owners is to pay less than the agreed minimum of $12, upon the reasonable assumption that their hands are too loosely organized to complain. Three of the mills are notoriously doing this at the moment; the press has been full of it; and they are using the "stretch-out" system also, to circumvent the maximum-hour agreement. They are paying adult operatives from $2.50 to $5.50 for a full week's labor—and there is no strike. Major A. L. Fletcher, newly elected State Commissioner of Labor, has been notified, and he is said to be taking up the matter with Washington, while Gastonia watches, mildly interested, to see what the disciplinary action will be—or whether there will be any action. The interest shown by the cotton spinners involved is purely academic. It is not they who are actively protesting. Far otherwise. Those three mills are good properties, which, during the lean years, were bought in by men not acceptable to the established operators. The violation of the cotton-textile manufacturers' code by those interlopers is a bit of overshrewdness on their part. They have gauged the temper of their operatives correctly; but in following up their advantage they have played into the hands of their competitors, who can now bear down upon them in righteous indignation, backed by public opinion and the N.R.A.

And so we find the white industrial worker in the South still "waitin' on" the intervention of others, just as, for good and ill alike, he has waited since the turn of the century. Then the intervention of Northern capital began drawing him in his numbers from semi-destitution on the farm to seasonal destitution in the mill town. Now federal intervention makes it impossible for that capital to compel the use of his children for the defeating of his own best interests, and his neighbor's. He has, too, the promise of a minimum wage; and the mill owners will see that that minimum is paid to him, for a while at least, in the course of curbing competition among themselves. But his sudden freedom to bargain collectively finds him unprepared, accustomed only to being organized against. He still has all he can do to contend, often enough unwittingly, with the highly adaptable machinery through which for years he has been exploited; with the army of petty politicians and lawyers who have been trained to hinder labor legislation and to make it ineffective when passed; with the voluble tribe of pulpiteers who live by convincing him that if the making of bricks without straw was good for the souls of the ancient Hebrews it ought to be good for him too; with the association of local merchants who tell him that he comes of the finest stock in the country and then take a second mortgage on his wages for the next twelve months. Meanwhile, because for the moment Washington seems to have provided, he is pathetically confident that it will continue to provide.

In so far, then, as the Southern mill hand considers his future welfare at all, he thinks of it in terms of a silver cord which runs from him, through his county and state officials, to Washington, and so back through the mill owner to himself. This is not a safe assumption, whatever may be the enthusiasm of the moment. Now that the N.R.A. has geared competition among mills to work in his favor, the cotton spinner must have near at hand some agency to make him self-conscious, self-assertive, free from the paternalism to which he always has been submissive. The only agency he is to have, however, will be a committee of arbitration and reference within the state, for the handling of code violations. The members will be Major Fletcher, three delegates chosen by the State Federation of Labor, and Cramer of Cramerton—a representative mill owner, who owns the whole town where his works are situated.

How will grievances be brought before the committee? Well, for one thing, there has been instituted a survey of all the cotton factories in the state. The findings will be published, eventually, with every factory graded according to a series of fixed counts, which run all the way from clouded windows to the use of the "stretch-out." A place in group D, with a grade of 85 or less, will be called unsatisfactory; and the committee—for all of its duties are contingent—may recommend the prosecution under the code of any owner who does not mend his ways and ask, within a limited time, for a new survey to raise his rating. For another thing, the local welfare officers are bound to report code violations as such to the State Commissioner, who may then act with his committee's backing instead of seeking advice from Washington. For the rest, for the direct ascertaining or expression of the worker's own opinion, that will have to come from the Federation of Labor, through its three committee members.

This would be all very well, were the State Federation able to furnish live leadership; but it cannot do so. In the five-cornered fight to fill the office now held by Major Fletcher, the Federation was unable to get its own man elected. Recently, at its annual convention in Charlotte, talk about political spoils under the New Deal was more audible than the reading of new applications for membership; and the official bootlegger did a land-office business at the expense of the convention hall. North Carolina's basic industry has been under the N.R.A. for three months, but labor leaders, who might do the most to enforce the code, have made

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no effective protest against code violations in the very center of that industry. And yet, thanks to the contrast between last year's destitution and this year's minimum wage of $12 a week, Gastonia is an outpost of recovery. Unfortunately, the sentries have been caught napping—lulled off in a haze of corn likker and political aspirations.

GEORGE LIBAIRE.

A Defense of Poetry

Rise like lions after slumber
In unvanquishable number!
Shake your chains to earth, like dew
Which in sleep had fallen on you—
Ye are many, they are few!
—*The Mask of Anarchy.*

WRITING of Shelley in this hour is an act of separating Romantic legend and decadence from intelligence and truth. By this I mean that all great poetry springs from a central purpose, a purpose that Shelley found in Godwin's "Political Justice," in Sophocles' "Prometheus," in Milton's "Paradise Lost," in Plato's "Symposium," in Shakespeare's "Hamlet" and "Macbeth." For him, intelligence and truth meant the fusion of moral laws, laws which controlled man's relationship to society as well as the flowering of his individual spirit. In a final sense, this synthesis which creates poetry (for he said, "The distinction between poets and prose writers is a vulgar error") is always revolutionary, as revolutionary as Galileo's discoveries, as Tom Paine's "Rights of Man," as Einstein's new physics, as Karl Marx's "Das Kapital." If I may use the vocabulary of Shelley's day and thus attempt to revive words that through cynical abuse have lost their meaning, the synthesis that Shelley defined as poetry is an eternal celebration of the human spirit as opposed to the celebration of ritual, the obscene act of worship before an empty altar.

It has been long observed that Romantic behavior carries within it the seeds of its own destruction. The "personality" of the poet is magnified to many times life-size, and a mistaken value is placed upon the trivialities of self-revelation. The Hogg-Trelawny memoirs[1] lie at the very heart of the Shelley legend and in them the personal atmosphere of the Shelley household is exploited at the expense of the poet's work and ideas; mere gossip or malicious tale-bearing takes precedence over the facts upon which the legends were based. Both Hogg and Trelawny were defending their own conduct in a complicated emotional relationship: Hogg's half-sneering use of "divine poet" was a subconscious means of veiling his attempted seduction of Harriet Shelley and Trelawny's wild-eyed devotion to the Shelley menage found self-justification by exaggerating casual incidents into events of first importance—a process which also served the purpose of venting his hatred against Byron.

All this, however, is a common phenomenon of Romantic biography, for the less talented followers of the Romantic hero usually acquire his vices, gaining as they do so almost none of his virtues. Critics of Romantic behavior make the most of this advantage; they observe its hysteria and apply their observations to the work of the poet. Romantic decadence as a specific disease is placed in the foreground: we overhear gossip concerning Rousseau's sexual maladjustment, of Edgar Poe's whisky-drinking, of Karl Marx's habit of borrowing money from Lasalle. Symptoms of the disease are vividly sensationalized; normal blood temperature is shown rising to a deadly fever, a fever which Irving Babbitt and his followers have learned to confuse with the actual creation of poetry—hence they attempt to damn all poetry by gazing at the patient's thermometer and then comparing its record with their own heat. It is the effort of such critics to terrify their readers by reconstructing a vision of Romantic hell-fire: there at the stake, forever burning, are the heretics of poetry, the victims of Wrong Feeling. Hear them scream, poor devils! It would be an act of mercy to let them die in nameless oblivion.

With this in full view behind us, we must separate Shelley from the confusion which surrounds him and rediscover his relevance for our time, for in his poetry and in his ideas lies the strength of modern heresy, which is a defense of poetry at its source, which in turn is revolutionary by definition.

It was Shelley who wrote, in his "Defense of Poetry":

> Self-deceit is the veiled image of unknown evil, before which luxury and satiety lie prostrate . . . A man, to be greatly good . . . must put himself in the place of another and of many others; the pain and pleasure of his species must become his own. . . .

And again in his essay "On the Revival of Literature":

> The monks in their cloisters were engaged in trifling and ridiculous disputes: they contented themselves with teaching the dogmas of their religion, and rushed impatiently forth to colleges and halls, where they disputed with an acrimony and meanness little befitting the resemblance of their pretended holiness.

[1] The Life of Shelley, as comprised in the memoirs by Thomas Jefferson Hogg, Edward John Trelawny and Thomas Love Peacock. Edited with an Introduction by Humbert Wolfe. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 2 vols. 878 pages. $5.

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If I read the signs correctly, we are midway within a neo-classic revival, and its sponsors bear certain likenesses to the Wilson-Lockhart school of Blackwoods and "the savage Quarterly." The occasion of my writing this essay is Allen Tate's brilliant summary of a general point of view in his "Poetry and Politics," which appeared in The New Republic of August 2, 1933. This document represents a minor climax in that point of view which has for its background the neo-Humanist controversy, critical reviews in The Hound and Horn and in the now defunct Bookman, Archibald MacLeish's appeal to the "Young Men of Wall Street" and Donald Davidson's anthology, "I'll Take My Stand." I have no desire to make Allen Tate the single object of my disagreement with an entire school of criticism, for he, like all the others in a large group, has a number of personal variations away from the general tendency, and these variations, which contain both flaws and virtues, are quite irrelevant to the purpose of my essay.

This neo-classic revival has already produced a strange, hybrid animal, half imperial eagle and half Tennessee mountain lion, a remarkable phenomenon on these barbarous American shores. Ultimately, its ambitions are political, but for the present it has attached itself to literature. It lives on dreams of an agrarian aristocracy which existed in the South before the Civil War, on memories of a four-year illusion of supremacy at Yale or Harvard, on visions of young Caesars rising from Wall Street ticker-tape. Behind these is the hope that present anarchy will be resolved into a strong state (or series of states) which will protect the rights of existing landowners. Vaguely, it would welcome fascism or even monarchy; it is not unkind to the sense of order displayed in the ritual of the Roman Catholic Church, for it respects, above all else, its aspects of temporal power. These peculiarities change color from day to day and they would not concern me in the least if they were not directed against the human spirit which is the lifeblood of Shelley's poetry.

There are times when one might tolerate the kind of criticism that issued from a Wilson or a Lockhart, both in their separate ways brilliant politicians, clear-headed and endowed with a kind of splendid, animal anger, who fought wholeheartedly for the retention of the power that died with them. Perhaps they had the integrity of strong will and self-deceit, but we can be tolerant only when we think of them as dead, their names remembered in footnotes of a literary quarrel now a full century old. But what of their heirs, resurrected in the present decade of the nineteen thirties? The self-appointed priests of orthodoxy, who, infused with the cynicism of a post-war generation, smell of death?

Naturally enough the complexion of the Wilson-Lockhart school has changed in the last hundred years; and there are also certain marked changes in general conditions. Now readers of poetry, unlike readers then, are half-convinced that the art is dead; they point to the poetic talent of a John Dos Passos or an Ernest Hemingway and remark with some show of naïveté that what they have written is in prose, in novels and short stories. Meanwhile, criticism of poetry (now sharply defined as a separate, narrow, archaic art) is given over to the priests of orthodoxy. These, fully conscious of their power, wish to preserve the poetry of our time by locking it in air-tight vaults, as one might hoard a million gold dollars in the cellar of a ruined cathedral. Remembering recent literary warfare in a contemporary quarterly, one is reminded of Shelley's monks who "disputed with an acrimony and meanness little befitting the resemblance of their pretended holiness."

There are also some few important shifts in the larger outline of a critical argument which now runs as follows:

1. That an accurate explanation of a poem's content is often futile, that it may be a candidate for immortality and yet remain meaningless, for the practice of an art does not demand the necessity of having anything to say. Therefore, only the recognizable elements of its technique are important: for instance, MacLeish's use of the *terza rima,* or Hart Crane's rehabilitation of English blank verse.

2. That since a highly technical appreciation is necessary, it is implied that the art of poetry is a ritual to be enjoyed preferably by the dilettante, by the gentleman of leisure. The poet who is "willing to flounder like a gentleman" is to be praised—for what? We are not quite sure, but we are made certain that he belongs to the ruling classes of America, therefore forgive him his transgressions!

3. That such criticism offers a refuge to poets in an ignorant, bitter age. O, Shelley's cloistered prelates, foul monks and jeweled bishops! You have come home again! Prayers to your Virgin!

Come to the critic, poet, this is 1933—here is a warm hearth from the cold, here are the rules of poetry written on the wall to be read aloud in any century. We are alone, you and I, aristocrats, men of the world in fast retreat. Together, we shall look down on the ignorant poor who can't afford to read your books, who read the tabloids, who make filth in the subway when they die. They are the troublesome, revolutionary poor; their fate is yours, poet, should you step out of doors reciting: "Shake your chains to earth like dew. Ye are many, they are few." They will spit blood at you; look! they have starved so long they eat their young, each man devouring a fœtus as he waits in the long breadline. Those creatures in the street will destroy your precious art—even now, as you speak, the words are broken and the lines of verse unclear, and here and there a phrase that's downright vulgar. The craft is hard to learn (Prayers to the Virgin, our Muse!) and though trembling with fear and nausea, we must concentrate upon the fire that burns no longer at our shrine. Uncover the head, kneel in this

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fashion, signify the cross to the image no longer there—you are bowing down to banks, millionaires and the machine guns behind them—but no matter. We, who are sophisticated, who are well protected, who see things as they are, can afford to smile as we extend devotion. We are not entirely honest—but what price honor?—and if we practise an art, devotion is a necessary ritual. In these surroundings (remember Pope at Twickenham?) we can effect serenity and wisdom, wisdom to your advantage, poet! Will Dr. Arbuthnot please close the door?

After the preceding paragraphs it is hardly necessary to say that some kind of definite social conflict is now reawakened in poetry and that this is the very hour to reconsider Shelley with more than casual appreciation. I happen to have before me George Edward Woodberry's excellent four-volume edition of Shelley's complete poetical works, the centenary edition issued in 1892. But 1892 was a comparatively calm moment; the great middle classes of the English-speaking world were so confident of their own power that they saw "progress" in terms of infinity. Tennyson was their poet and through his eyes they reread Keats, and then, after him, Shelley's "Adonais." In their security they could afford to be rapturous and somewhat lax concerning Shelley. The legends fostered by Hogg, Trelawny and the discreetly sympathetic Peacock certainly justified Matthew Arnold's portrait of the "ineffectual angel." It became a platitude of parlor recitation to quote Browning's eagle-feather poem. The implications behind the great bourgeois revolution in France had retreated far into the background, so far that Shelley's defense of the human spirit could be treated as a charming eccentricity, comparable in fact to the rules of his vegetarian diet or the sound of his half-hysterical falsetto. The best summation of this point of view is found thirty years later in André Maurois' popular biography, "Ariel"—and throughout these accounts one wonders when or how Shelley found time to think or work. What is clear today, however, is the counter-fact that *propaganda* (dreaded word!) lies at the heart of Shelley's best poetry; one need not go to "The Mask of Anarchy" alone to find it. It was Shelley's purpose to create a fusion of Platonic philosophy and Godwinian social ethics and to apply them to the important events of his time. The instrument that he used was poetry which reasserted at every step the indestructibility of the human spirit, which in itself is the means of exciting revolutionary action.

Starting with the notes to "Queen Mab," Shelley went to some trouble explaining how his application was made. Eight years later in his "Defense of Poetry," this explanation was amplified in a fully rounded essay. Meanwhile his power had grown far beyond its reach of those early days in 1813: "Alastor," "The Revolt of Islam," "Prometheus Unbound," "The Cenci," "Ode to the West Wind," "The Mask of Anarchy," had been given to the world. That very year, 1821, was to produce "Adonais" and "Epipsychidion." He was aware of the French Revolution behind him, and in his preface to "Prometheus Unbound" he wrote:

> We owe the great writers of the golden age of our literature to that fervid awakening of the public mind which shook to dust the oldest and most oppressive form of the Christian religion. We owe Milton to the progress and development of the same spirit: the sacred Milton was, let it ever be remembered, a republican and a bold inquirer into morals and religion. The great writers of our own age we have reason to suppose, the companions and forerunners of some unimagined change in our social condition or the opinions which cement it. . . . Poets, not otherwise than philosophers, painters, sculptors and musicians, are in one sense the creators, and, in another, the creations of their age . . .

The change that Shelley foresaw in "Prometheus Unbound" was a liberation of mankind from the sort of terror that he described in "The Mask of Anarchy"; and the lyrics of the last section of the poem are a celebration of victory. Even in "Adonais," we see the triumph of the human spirit over the past with its associations of tyranny:

> Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre,
> Oh, not of him, but of our joy; 'tis nought
> That ages, empires, and religions, there
> Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought;
> For such as he can lend—they borrow not
> Glory from those who made the world their prey. . . .

If we are to pretend that we cannot understand Shelley's implications and that our pleasure in rereading the poem consists solely in his use of the Spenserian stanza, we must forget that Shelley wrote the poem as an answer to the attacks upon Keats in The Quarterly Review, against which his "Defense of Poetry" was aimed. If we are to see in "Adonais" merely an urn for Keats filled with the tears of a brother poet, the entire concept of the poem becomes debased into a sentimental orgy and a generous three-quarters of Shelley's purpose is lost.

By this time I think we are familiar with a number of Shelley's defects as a poet; we are familiar with the sudden, bewildering air-pockets in his longer poems, to be found even in "Adonais." He lacked a dramatic sense and his occasional wordiness is a common affliction, not to be condoned, but frankly recognized as a specific flaw. Yet many a poet, like Homer before him, nods, and if we are to read poetry at all, we must learn something of the art of selection. My point here is this: that Shelley's failures *are not traceable to his use of propaganda,* that propaganda as Shelley employed it enters very nearly everything he wrote.

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His use of current events in poetry was no mere lip-service to a cause, as both "Adonais" and "The Mask of Anarchy" will testify, nor was he content with the bald presentation of economic and political injustice. Whatever he had to say sprang from a deeply seated *moral* conviction, nor was his faith in the regenerative powers of humanity ever allowed to fall into the bathos that characterized the early Wordsworth. In attacking the Church he took care to discriminate between religion and ritual—ritual and its perversion of religion were the objects of his attacks. His hatred of a social order that was responsible for the Manchester Massacre lay in the fact that he foresaw a malignant growth of capitalism that could end only in anarchy, the very anarchy with which we are confronted today.

In rereading Shelley we must remember that the vocabulary he employed has become the specious currency of poetry down the long course of the nineteenth century, that his habit of generalizing specific emotion has offered many a minor Romantic poet the shelter of a facile and falsely poetic attitude, that much of his idealism has now degenerated into the dubious aspects of bohemianism. All this we must take for what it is worth and discount from his score. Our test must be applied to a rereading of such poems as the "Ode to the West Wind." Hackneyed as it may sound through textbook repetition, its strength is still significant, far more so than, let us say, Pope's "Dying Christian to His Soul."

A familiar charge often brought against Shelley is lack of discipline, but in such charges one must always know what the poet is trying to control. If, as in the case of Pope, it is the mere perfection of a regulated line of verse, the problem becomes one of craftsmanship. Along with a new appreciation for the orderly virtues of Dryden our generation has learned to adopt a friendly attitude toward Pope's highly original gift for social irony. In comparison with the shopworn phrases of the nineteenth-century Romantics, his language has for us an attractive air of distinction, but we are likely to forget that his recitation of the dogmas of his day is hollow and that his irony is the irony that is often employed by the ruling classes to lash the starving underdogs of modern civilization into further submission, that in his day as in ours it is a relatively simple matter to accept the ritual of devotion as a substitute for an understanding of basic moral values. In contrast to Pope, Shelley was born into the very class to which Pope, with all his worship of transitory power, aspired. While Pope climbed upward, Shelley chose to step far out of the conventions of his social environment—for him there was no easy solution of moral conduct and his intelligence found a genuine challenge in welding Platonic philosophy with the economic problems that followed in the wake of the French Revolution. It was necessary for him as a poet (a poet in the sense that he conceived Lucretius and Milton to be) to accept his share of human responsibility—the very responsibility that the critics of our day are trying to divorce from the function of poetry. This he related directly to poetry itself, saying that a man to be greatly good must put himself in the place of another and of many others, and this became his rule for striking at the core of a universal problem, the mastery of which became identified with his entire esthetic.

In these times the alternatives to Shelley's position are outlined in the second section of this essay. If literary history has the power to repeat itself, our neo-classic revival will encourage the signs of moral exhaustion and decay that have already appeared upon the surface of contemporary poetry. Too soon we are discovering that the emotional roots of MacLeish's "Conquistador" are in shallow ground, that its technical facility (by no means to be despised) is but a part of a poet's responsibility to his audience—that poetry's preoccupation with itself as a separate art away from the main stream of literature might well grow into a symptom of sterility, more dangerous today than the counter-dangers often observed in current criticism.

In citing Shelley as an example for leadership in poetry, I am not advising young men to redigest Plato and then bury their heads in Godwinian economics—nor am I proposing that they adopt the familiar attitudes of nineteenth-century Romanticism, the oracular gesture and the generalized emotions that cloud into visions of a distant Utopia. Shelley's value to us today lies in his courage, his willingness to use his brains and learning toward the poetic realization of his moral convictions. Something of this same spirit is now shown in the promise of three young English poets, W. H. Auden, Stephen Spender and C. Day Lewis. All three are working within the actual traditions of their environment and they are relating these traditions to the social background of our time; aside from their individual problems of craftsmanship, the constant problem of all good poets, they are taking care to remember that poetry is a living art, not merely an archaic survival of the past.

Social criticism of literature in this country has done little else but attack poets of established reputation—thus, by ignoring the creative functions of poetry, critics from the Left have joined with the extreme Right in an effort to drive this branch of literature into a far corner. I offer them Shelley, Emerson, Whitman, as subjects for immediate revaluation. And in answer to those who would ask us to dismiss Shelley as a heretic and as a victim of Wrong Feeling, let us say to the younger poets of our generation as he once wrote of Keats:

"What Adonais is, why fear we to become?"

HORACE GREGORY.

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Washington Notes

Deflating the Inflation Threat—Food for the Hungry—New York's Mayor—Hearst's New Hymn

ONE OF the most interesting developments of the past week is the extraordinary way in which the President has succeeded, temporarily at least, in sidetracking the currency-inflation drive, which appeared to be daily gathering force and intensity. The inflationist leaders, who include Senators Thomas, Wheeler and Borah, were exceedingly articulate and the pressure they were bringing to bear was becoming daily more embarrassing. Moreover, in various sections the feeling was gaining momentum that the chief opponents of inflation were largely to be found among the conservative banking, business, political and journalistic groups which opposed Roosevelt's nomination last year at Chicago and are not now in sympathy with Roosevelt's program.

That there is sound foundation for this feeling is, I think, beyond doubt and ordinarily one would expect Mr. Roosevelt to incline in the other direction. He is reluctant to adopt any of the more direct forms of inflation at this time. However, it was obviously undesirable for him to take a flat stand one way or another. Should the N.R.A. and A.A.A. programs show a further tendency to bog down, a real inflationary step may be forced upon the President before Congress meets. This he wants to avoid and, by what those who closely observed the operation consider a superb piece of political strategy, he undoubtedly has diminished the chances of action in the near future.

This was achieved by the simple process of giving the public so much else to think about that the whole inflation movement has for the moment been obscured. The chief thing that distracted attention from currency problems was the bold announcement of Roosevelt's plan to bring the unmarketable surpluses of food within reach of the hungry and destitute through the coöperation of the A.A.A. and the Emergency Relief Administration. This is to cost upwards of $75 million and no time is to be lost doing it.

With characteristic speed the administration arranged the new machinery and announced that the money would come from three principal sources—first, the proceeds of processing taxes; second, funds appropriated by the federal Emergency Relief Act; third, loans from the R.F.C. Immediately the idea was launched, it caught the popular imagination and was promptly extended in scope so as to justify, on the surface at least, the statement that it would be "a greater undertaking than any previous activity by the government in conjunction with the Red Cross or other agencies."

Administration officials enthusiastically got behind the new plan, which directly attacks one of the great economic disgraces of our civilization—to wit, that in the midst of plenty there should be people without food. It made extremely good news and, for several days, blanketed everything else. Some time must elapse, of course, before it can be seen whether a really practical distribution of the food surpluses can be achieved, but, at any rate, the effort is being made—and applauded.

The President did not, of course, conceive or adopt this scheme for the sole purpose of choking off the inflation leaders, but the way in which it was announced certainly had that effect. The best information here is that the real inspiration of the plan came from Mrs. Roosevelt, who certainly voiced the basic idea to the officials of the A.A.A. days before the White House announcement. Further, the effect was enhanced by several subsequent White House moves of a more or less dramatic and unexpected nature. The first of these was the President's insistence upon speed in opening up closed banks in order to release to depositors the two billion and more dollars now out of circulation. Clearly, if this can be done the argument for currency inflation is weakened. Then the President called into White House conference the heads of the various steel companies and induced them to agree to submit competitive bids for the six or seven hundred million dollars' worth of steel rails now needed by the railroads. This came after conference with Railroad Coördinator Eastman, and after arrangements had been made with the R.F.C. to advance the roads the money.

A few days ago, too, there came from the White House an announcement that, through the astute Mr. Farley, the full weight of the federal administration would be thrown against the Tammany machine in the forthcoming mayoralty fight, and behind Joseph V. McKee, if he could be induced to run as an independent Democratic candidate. Mr. McKee waited a long time—so long, in fact, that a few hours more would perhaps have badly damaged his political career—and then decided that he would enter the race. While the news broke the hearts of the New York Fusionists, it delighted all the anti-Tammany Democrats, who never had much hope from fusion anyhow. Long before this decision was announced, it was plain that the administration's attitude toward the Tammany leaders was one of extreme hostility and that, so far as federal patronage is concerned, it will be used to promote the anti-Tammany cause with wholehearted enthusiasm. The mere announcement of such an attitude is politically sensational and opens up a wide vista for speculation as to future control. In addition, the anti-Tammany trend of the administration serves to increase its popularity in West and South, where the feeling against the New York organization is congenital.

Altogether, these various White House activities, while perhaps not primarily designed to do so, certainly did halt the whole inflation movement which was beginning to gather an impetus that appeared to be irresistible. They had the further effect of diverting public interest just at the moment when the inflation leaders believed they had completely captured it. Now their job is to recover their position, which is almost impossible, for once a movement of this sort is thrown out of its stride, the difficulties of achieving the former speed are very great.

The truth is, I think, that though the President is inherently opposed to the currency-inflation theory, he has no firm convictions on the subject and is likely to be swayed by the views of those upon whom he relies. Unquestionably the majority of his intimate advisers are anti-inflationists. Among them are Johnson and Peek—the directing heads of the N.R.A. and A.A.A., respectively. As far as either of these men wants to go, I am reliably

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informed, is to cut the gold content of the dollar. Both strongly oppose the printing of money, advocated by Mr. Roosevelt's senatorial friends, who comprise most of the Democratic and progressive leaders closest to him. Among the inflationists, also, is Speaker Rainey of the House.

Singularly enough, none of the professors with whom the President consults seems to favor the more violent and direct forms of inflation. The real inflation leader, I suppose, if we want to face the facts, is Mr. W. R. Hearst, who is fanning the flames almost daily in his sixteen papers. Incidentally, it is interesting that Mr. Hearst, while approving the public-works and the farm-relief programs and insisting upon inflation as the only way to obtain credit relief, disapproves of the N.R.A. program and urges that it be abandoned as a measure for recovery. It is, Mr. Hearst argues, a social-adjustment program rather than a depression cure. In view of the difficulties which the N.R.A. is now encountering and the wide chasm the labor section seems to have opened between employer and employee, it will be interesting to see who among our statesmen on the Hill starts singing this new Hearst hymn.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

How Detroit Does It—Soaking the Poor—Rule by the Stock Exchange—Justice in the City of Ford

THE FIRST sight to greet the visitor to Detroit the day I arrived was a long queue of men—several blocks long—standing in line for jobs. This was a visible, material evidence of what public works can do for this stricken country. Detroit is about to begin work on a long cherished, long planned project to widen Woodward Avenue, its principal street. The Public Works Administration of the federal government has advanced $2,500,000 for that purpose. Widening Woodward Avenue is, of course, not the ideal method of spending government money. It is, however, the typical way that suggests itself to real-estate-ridden municipalities. It would be infinitely better if the money were being expended in low-cost housing, which would provide homes for workers and at the same time give the government the best form of self-liquidating security. But American cities dominated by real-estate promoters and landlords do not function that way. And hence, caught in an emergency in which the very stability of the present system is in peril, the government must take the nation as it finds it and build on such foundations as are there.

If you will take a map of the United States and put a black dot at every town where a government-building project has already been approved—for at least a year—without action yet being taken, and if you will add dots for all the public-works projects which ought to have been already set in motion, you could visualize thousands of such queues of men as I saw in Detroit standing in line for jobs.

This sign of activity in Detroit is only one more evidence of what the government can do by stimulating building instead of handing out doles. Detroit is one of those cities which have relied almost wholly on the federal government to feed their hungry people for the last year. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation has poured a million a month for relief work into this city. Besides that, it has poured far more millions to support its groggy banks, and without result. Had these funds been expended in building operations the relief work would certainly have been as effective and the effect on business would have been infinitely better. And the people would at least have something for their money instead of heaps of canceled relief cards.

Every time you make a purchase in Michigan you pay a tax. I bought a book for $1.20—the clerk added four cents for the tax. I paid eighty-five cents for a hotel breakfast—the waitress added three cents for the tax. Go to the grocery store and buy a dollar's worth of food and the tax is three cents. I do not believe in a sales tax, but I have been impressed with the patience and tolerance with which the people here accept it. "The state is in a hole," they say, "and I suppose we will have to pull it out some way." But New York City, which is also in a huge hole, put a tax not of three cents on a dollar, but of four cents on the sale of a share of stock—four cents on a transfer, for instance, of a $120 share of American Telephone and Telegraph stock. It amounts in that case to less than one-thirtieth of one percent. The New York Stock Exchange notifies the city of New York that cities and states may tax working men 3 and 4 percent on the food they buy, but if New York attempts to tax a gambler one-twenty-fifth of one percent on his stock gamble, it, the Stock Exchange, will teach New York a lesson by moving away and wrecking $2,000 million worth of realty values in lower New York.

Those interested in employment statistics will find some comfort in the figures for Detroit. Employment is twice as great as it was at this time last year. It is said that 150,000 men have gone to work in the last sixty days. This may or may not be true, but the number is certainly substantial. Unfortunately, this is not to be long lived and men who know the motor industry fear that from now on there will be a steady decline in Detroit employment. There are still nearly 40,000 families on the relief rolls and Detroit can do nothing for them—they are at the mercy of relief from the the federal government. What is more, winter is just ahead and no one has any illusions as to what the coming winter will be in this city.

Here one can see the greatest monument of all to the "New Era"—152 branches of two banking giants, 152 banking offices with their doors shut, in a single city.

Detroit, however, is cleaning house. The one-man grand jury which was investigating the causes of the bank failures—the series of subtle depredations by which profit-crazed men wrecked the finance of a great city—ended abruptly with a whitewash. The idea seems to be that everything should be forgotten and the men who performed this ruthless operation on the city should not be exposed or harried further. But yesterday two young Italian boys, who were

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guilty of several petty-nuisance misdemeanors, were publicly branded, under a new law, as "public enemies" and sent to jail. An eight-column headline in the newspapers announced the drastic move against the city's enemies. Thus Joe Bonmarito and James Licavoli are fed to the wolves. This is enough slaughter for a week and the town can afford to leave its former bankers alone.

Detroit, Mich. JOHN T. FLYNN.

First Fruits

Double Door, by Elizabeth McFadden. Ritz Theatre, September 21, 1933.

Men in White, by Sidney S. Kingsley. Broadhurst Theatre, September 26, 1933.

THIS PLAY of "Double Door" that has started off a season's possibilities would not warrant a review, but it certainly amounts to news. It is entertaining all through, by a sort of gray struggle and setness, and there is an interval toward the end when suspense lifts its head and we have something like the pleasures of a horror play. Written with more penetration, violence and vocabulary, the piece would move toward Strindberg; contrived with a more patent and abandoned mystery and murder machinery it would jump into thrills and short breathing. As it stands it is good, frank melodrama all through and liked by the audience, is never raw, never writhing or sudden, but steadily grimmish and always dignified. The grimness and the dignity, in those dour paneled walls and red-plush furniture of a truly dramatic set, give "Double Door" a genuine if not great degree of originality. A certain good taste, also, gets into the whole presentation of it without any harmful result.

The story presents two sisters and a younger brother by their father's second marriage. Victoria Van Bret, the older sister, is the tyrant of the family, concentrated to an extent fairly Gothic and ready as a character for modern implications. She has, for instance, thirty years back, shut her sister into the secret chamber that her father had built. The brother has now married a trained nurse, who comes into the mansion and causes the plot of the drama. The dénouement simmers down to a happy ending for the right people and a soupçon of insanity for the real heroine of the play's entertainment. The scene is in an old family house overlooking Fifth Avenue and belonging to people who never sell: the passing crowd in the street is only a measure of the rising value of their land. Setting the incident back in 1910 takes nothing from the interest, but does, by the removal of the costuming, help to establish the air and plane of drama for it.

So far as acting goes, Mr. H. C. Potter has smoothed the whole company into a fair enough surface. The leading part does indeed lead with a vengeance; Victoria rules the waves at every point, and it falls to Miss Mary Morris to keep the taut and yet varied problem of the role in hand. Miss Morris' training in plays of standing during past seasons comes here into full use. The admiration and applause of the audience is deserved. The role could be played with more intensity and a more penetrating insinuation, but if this happened the play itself would be distorted. The dramatist calls for exactly the amount of detail and pressure given by Miss Morris. Once in the theatre it might, perhaps, have been nothing to add that she speaks well, walks well and wears her highly dramatic costumes well, but these days such a compliment is a grave and happy one for a player.

"Men in White" is what might be called, among the usual varieties of drama these last three generations, a masculine play. That is to say it deals not so wholly with women, their interests, exaltations and claims as it does with the male line of life, as centered in a profession, a pursuit, a ruling passion and the fellowship of men with men. The story involves love enough, with one betrothal and promised chance of marriage and one abortion and death. But love, nevertheless, is in this play one of the sources of life that feed the whole. If you did not feel so moved and satisfied by "Men in White," you would feel somewhat complimented by it for taking you thus as a full human being in the midst of a living world. All through the three acts of "Men in White" the distribution of the stresses is admirable, the progression of the interest, almost a suspense, is unbroken, and good images are found for the dramatic expression of the points to be made.

We see first the busy hospital, with doctors and young internes, among them the promising Ferguson, who is the great Dr. Hochberg's chosen disciple. Ferguson is engaged to Laura Hudson, daughter of a millionaire real-estate man, Mr. Hudson (most confusingly cast as concerns the type). The demands of hospital life conflict with those of love, operations with a moonlight drive, for example. There is a quarrel, during the ruction and hiatus of which the young student nurse, Barbara Dennin, comes to Ferguson's room for some *materia medica* notes and ends by staying on. Later we see the hospital in need of funds. Hudson will make up the deficit, with a sort of condition that his son-in-law-to-be shall advance to the position of a director. Dr. Hochberg sees the evil in this for the young man's development, but finds that Ferguson himself has been lured away by the glamor and promise. In the midst of this situation arrives a case of peritonitis and septic abortion. Hochberg invites Laura to the operation. It turns out to be Miss Dennin, the man in her case to be Ferguson. His resolve to marry her, against Dr. Hochberg's arguments, are ended by her death. Laura understands better what medicine is to him, and, when he returns from his study abroad, promises to be "around." The curtain falls on the young doctor at the telephone assuring Mrs. D'Andrea that her boy will live.

The old theme of science and its claims versus love and a man's taste for life are, as is obvious, shifted here by the medicine theme into something more pliable in its application and appeal, in the same way that the Virgin idea stands between man and the inexorable law of the universe. The hardness of the line is thus constantly brought into softening human values, and the devastations and devotions of the high scientific spirit are but contributions and payments toward the larger sum of life itself. The essential drama of the very hospital helps to further the play's theatre.

Mr. Mordecai Gorelik's settings are adequate enough, contrived, in fact, with great facility. His lighting is remarkable. You might easily miss the brilliant thinking behind those distributions and pointings up that the lighting in

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this first of the season's productions by the Group Theatre affords. At one point only there seemed to be a lack. In the scene of the operating room the lighting until the very last moment was excellent, as the movement and disposal of the players evolved, under Mr. Lee Strasberg's directing, into something like a beautiful and profoundly modern ballet, marvelously toned in its visual aspects and superbly varied. But at the very last, as the operation begins, the other lights fade out and only the operating table at the back remains picked out. This may have been sharper than was intended, or it may be that in a real hospital such a concentration of light is used—in which case the switching off should have been sharply seen by the audience—but the effect turned suddenly trite, obvious and stage-banal what had, up to that moment, been extraordinary.

In the first scene, where the hospital of internes and doctors gets started, the players seemed to me to show a curious effect of being forced onward. This came from the fact that the actors all spoke in too much of the same tempo. It could very easily be mended by giving differing speech rhythms to the different speakers, a redistribution of the speed. This in a subtle fashion would lessen a certain impression of patent directing, which all through the rest of the play is well avoided. If there were nothing else but the operating-room scene, however, Mr. Strasberg would have starred himself.

Dr. Hochberg, in a way the central role of the play, certainly the base of its main content, was played by Mr. J. Edward Bromberg as no other actor in our theatre could do it. There are on the stage and in the moving pictures many phases of the older man, full of sweetness, wisdom, blessings, music, benevolence and what-not. They are for the most part mere avuncular lollipops, the less said the better. Mr. Bromberg can create a goodness that makes sense, and a poignancy that is beautiful and intelligent. His gift for playing with the actors around him, also, amounts to a power. Mr. Alexander Kirkland, as he did in "Wings Over Europe" some seasons ago, achieved in the long role of young Dr. Ferguson a kind of sensitive tension and generous variation by which the character was always alive and significant. The element of youth and temperament by which the drama of the character arrives was dependent on Mr. Kirkland, and always created. It should not be overlooked that Mr. Russell Collins as Dr. Cunningham, the lesser and foiling variation among the hospital staff, did in this what he has done in each of the Group's productions: present the exact weight in the play's sum of the role he plays, without an inch of forcing or encroachment—any theatre worker will know what I mean. He should be given a chance at a fantastic or more extravagant role, one such as most actors, with their rickety technique and bulky ego, merely make a mess of, often to applause.

The Group, evidently, has better luck with training its male than its female members. But Miss Phoebe Brand at least gave a lovely and sure performance. In her hospital scene and that in Ferguson's room she genuinely established the trait upon which later the crisis of the play will hang, which is that this girl would go away, obscure herself and spare the man for love of whom she has got into trouble. Her one brief moment, in the scene where we see her last, is quite wonderfully accurate in every sense.

The spirit behind this Group occasion is a lesson to our theatre.

STARK YOUNG.

Labor and the N.R.A.

THE SETTLEMENT of the New York City underwear strike, involving 25,000 workers, marks another in a series of remarkable strike successes achieved by the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. Before the strike the underwear industry was only 25-percent organized; by the terms of the strike settlement it becomes virtually 100-percent unionized. Unequivocal recognition of the union is established—both in New York and in "outside" sweatshop districts. This is a genuine victory, for it is in these out-of-town shops that girls have been most viciously exploited, with pay as low as $6 per week. Employers are now obligated to employ only members of the union and to coöperate fully in the maintenance of union standards. The agreement which ended the three-week strike was reached through the facilities of the local N.R.A. mediation committee under Grover Whalen. In addition to the closed shop, its terms include a thirty-seven-and-a-half-hour week and minimum weekly wages of $17 to $21. These represent a reduction in working hours of about 25 percent and an increase in pay of from 25 to 50 percent.

All told, during the past few months the I.L.G.W.U. has successfully led strikes affecting nearly 125,000 workers. These may be summarized as follows:

New York Dress Workers	60,000
Chicago " "	10,000
Boston " "	4,000
St. Louis " "	3,500
Cleveland " "	3,000
New York Embroidery Trade	9,000
New York Blouse and Waist Trade	5,500
New York Underwear Trade	25,000

The settlement in each case followed closely the pattern outlined in the underwear agreement: hours were reduced, in general, to thirty-five per week; wages were increased 25 percent or more; recognition of the union—the closed shop—was established. The I.L.G.W.U. obtained virtually the same conditions as the above for 25,000 New York cloak-and-suit workers by a "stoppage" rather than a strike. The union estimates, moreover, that the abolition of overtime in the cloak-and-suit code has brought about the reemployment of six to seven thousand workers in that field. As a by-product of this strike activity, the union's membership has quadrupled since last May, rising from 40,000 to more than 160,000. And before the present drive is ended, it expects to have 200,000 members. If workers were to follow the pleasant commencement custom in our colleges and choose "the one who has done most for the class," the I.L.G.W.U. should rank high on the list.

The strike of 9,000 tool-and-die makers in Detroit, Flint and Pontiac, Michigan, indicates a serious weakness in the automobile code. Though these men are engaged in automobile work, they are not apparently under the code for that industry. Instead, they are under a modified "blanket code" which the Tool and Die Manufacturers' Association subscribed to, and which permits a work week of forty-eight hours—as against thirty-five in the automobile code. Chester M. Culver, general manager of the Employers' Association of Detroit, has informed the local N.R.A.

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Compliance Board that the strike is the result of a "misunderstanding"—that the workers were not aware of the fact that J. G. Cowling, chief of the exceptions section of the N.R.A., had permitted longer hours for tool-and-die makers. None the less, the workers, organized as the Mechanics' Educational Society, are demanding a forty-hour week, no discrimination against the union, and wages ranging from $1 to $1.50 per hour—roughly 25 percent more than they are receiving now.

Efforts on the part of employers to resist collective bargaining are producing new strikes each day. In Detroit, 2,000 members of the Metal and Machinist Workers' Industrial Union have gone on strike at the plant of the Murray Corporation, builders of automobile bodies. Recognition of the union and creation of a grievance committee were their chief demands. At Weirton, West Virginia, 5,000 employees of the Weirton Steel Company went on a "holiday" last week to obtain union recognition. They are members of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers and are fighting to have a company union abolished. About 3,000 employees of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company's plant at Springfield, Massachusetts, are on strike for higher wages. They are members of an A.F. of L. Federal Union, which has been organized under the collective-bargaining provisions of the Recovery Act.

The first data which the Bureau of Labor Statistics has made available on the effects of codes in particular industries suggest that *individual* purchasing power of workers has not been increased. In percents, wage rates rose approximately as much as hours of work fell—thus leaving the average weekly wage about the same. This is illustrated in the following table, where the average weekly pay has been computed from the figures on wage rates and hours worked per week:

Industry	*July 15*	*August 15*
Woolen and Worsted Goods		
Wage rate	35.8	43.3
Hours worked	48.5	41.2
Average weekly pay	$17.36	$17.83
Electrical Machinery		
Wage rate	53.7	57.0
Hours worked	38.1	35.4
Average weekly pay	$20.45	$20.17
Dyeing and Finishing		
Wage rate	37.1	49.7
Hours worked	49.5	36.3
Average weekly pay	$18.36	$18.04
Shipbuilding		
Wage rate	56.4	61.7
Hours worked	33.6	30.3
Average weekly pay	$18.95	$18.69
Cotton Goods		
Wage rate	23.2	36.1
Hours worked	49.0	36.5
Average weekly pay	$11.36	$13.17

Thus only in cotton textiles was there a decided gain. In view of the fact that retail prices rose more than 8 percent between July and August, it is quite possible that many individual workers actually had less purchasing power after the codes went into effect in these industries.

"Leading metropolitan daily newspapers which display the N.R.A. emblem prominently on the front page have at no time reduced mechanical forces from forty-eight hours as worked previous to signing the agreement." Such was the testimony of Charles P. Howard, president of the International Typographical Union, at the public hearings in Washington on the American Newspaper Publishers' Association code. The President's Agreement, which called for a forty-hour week, with a maximum of forty-four hours in any six weeks in a six-month period, has apparently been of little use in reëmploying printers. A survey by the union, Mr. Howard pointed out, revealed that in shops employing 14,064 union members only 62 regular employees were hired after the President's reëmployment agreement went into effect.

In a modified blanket code which the N.R.A. has approved for the laundry industry, "modified" takes on what must be a new meaning. In this code, President Roosevelt's original proposal for a minimum wage rate of forty-three cents per hour ($15 for a thirty-five-hour week) is shaved down to *fourteen cents* for workers in the South—a reduction of nearly 70 percent. To be sure, however, all may not be lost. Perhaps the limitation on working hours to forty-five a week will permit the reëmployment of workers and thus add to purchasing power—at the rate of $6.30 a week!

A COMMUNICATION

Roosevelt and Public Works

SIR: I should like to congratulate Mr. John T. Flynn on his criticism of the present administration in its conduct of the public-works program [The New Republic, September 20], but I wish to take issue with the alternative attitude he seems to favor.

Under a brave show of force, decisiveness and moral courage, the government has actually presented an appalling spectacle of inertia, marking time and stalling: by attempting to be all things to all men it has steadily succeeded in canceling out the gains it has seemed about to make at any particular moment. Mr. Roosevelt has a masterful habit of making two diametrically opposite moves in almost the same breath: witness the London Conference and all its time-wasting elaborate preliminaries: witness the singular attempt to raise wages and reduce hours by means of the N.R.A. and to use the forces of the N.R.A. to do away with strikes that seek to raise wages and reduce hours! The result is an impotence that is just as paralyzing as Mr. Hoover's distaste for making any decision at all. The President once likened his strategy to that of a quarterback in football: but unfortunately he has the gallant habit of throwing some of his most beautiful passes into the arms of the opposing end. The weakness is augmented by the fact that he has never indicated to anyone which goal post his team is headed for. The failure during the first four months of his administration to let the existing public-works program go through was, as Mr. Flynn justly points out, a disaster of at least the second magnitude.

But the administration's failure to use last year's authorized program as a stop-gap is no good reason for using this

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year's all-too-belated program as a stop-gap too. Since it is too late to repair that original error, the important thing now is to set the redistribution of capital and income by means of public works and government-aided collective enterprises on such a basis that a *continuous* public-works program will remain part of our national economy. And the surest way to prevent this program from taking place would be to ladle out funds right and left for half-baked, badly planned, poorly designed, unsuitably placed or unnecessary projects, or to further schemes the major part of whose finances will go, not into wages for the workers employed, but into increased land values and increased pickings of graft. Nothing would retard socialization so surely as a whole series of white elephants and hollow wrecks dotting the country from San Francisco to Boston: nothing will drive private capitalism into further disrepute so surely as a demonstration of good planning and effective workmanship in government-aided projects. The only ultimate significance of the public-works program, it seems to me, is as a technical drill with skeleton squads and companies for the large-scale socialized planning which is the next move in the liquidation of capitalism. The fact that Mr. Flynn can cite as an example of the right way to revive industry the scandalously short-sighted tax-exemption law of New York which created mile upon mile of low-grade housing and tax-heavy blighted areas shows that he is a little too willing to barter a sound future for a mess of very indigestible pottage. Where organized demand for housing lags, for example, it would be better for the federal government itself to take the initiative in planning and launching the projects than to dump its money into the laps of hungry gentlemen who wish to salvage their bad investments in what were once all-too-profitable slums. And this applies to other departments of industry: it is better to move slowly in the right direction than to move adroitly and rapidly in the wrong one. By next spring, it will be easy to have a multitude of well planned projects under way, and the difference in time between them and the bad ones is not sufficient to justify the wholesale and uncritical authorization of the latter.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Amenia, New York.

CORRESPONDENCE

Surplus Milk

SIR: In his article on the milk strike in The New Republic of September 13, Mr. Wilson says that the milk board "rejected the demand of the farmers to establish a minimum price for milk at the farm and instead pegged, for fluid milk and cream only, a minimum price at the milk stations, the surplus . . . to be paid for at lower prices. This surplus is about half the farmer's output." I should like to point out that the milk board cannot peg the price of surplus milk because its powers of control do not extend to the states farther west which produce the bulk of the products which are made from surplus milk and hence determine prices.

Also, the surplus is not "about half" the farmers' output, although such may have been true of the limited area visited by Mr. Wilson. According to the New York State Department of Agriculture, of the 5,698 million pounds of milk utilized in New York State plants in 1931, 4,501 million pounds went into fluid milk and cream, while only 1,197 million pounds, or 21 percent, were manufactured into surplus products.

The Dairymen's League for the year ending March 31, 1933, made its return to member farmers on a utilization basis of 74.55 percent for fluid milk and 25.45 percent for surplus uses.

EDMOND S. HARRIS.

Yonkers, New York.

Pareto and Fascism

SIR: Mr. Novack's article on Pareto in The New Republic of July 19 is in many respects excellent. When I object to certain aspects of it, I do so with a lively realization of the difficulties that face anyone who tries to reduce the "Trattato di Sociologia Generale" to the compass of a magazine sketch. Nevertheless, Mr. Novack makes several mistakes of fact and several others of interpretation which, as one interested in seeing that Pareto is fairly presented in this country, I think it is important to point out.

I believe I may dismiss as unverified Mr. Novack's discovery of an American fascist movement in my recent article in The Saturday Review and in the forthcoming publication of Mr. Livingston's translation. Mr. Canby was not wearing a black shirt when he asked me to write the article, I do not own one, and I doubt that Harcourt, Brace and Company are fomenting a march on Washington by publishing the translation. Mr. Novack may be relieved to learn that another publisher proposed to issue a translation five years ago, when not even the apprehensive believed that fascism was "threatening our shores," and was deterred only by a sociological adviser who told him that Pareto was unimportant.

Mr. Novack, I believe, does not understand the place of the "Systèmes Socialistes" in the development of Pareto's ideas. It is true, as he says, that many of the ideas in it appear in the "Trattato," notably that of the circulation of the elite, but it is also true that Pareto repudiated much of the earlier book as subjective. Mr. Novack deals very well with Pareto's criticism of Marxism, but I think he should have mentioned the far more rigorous analysis made in the "Trattato." In the later book, Marxism is handled as objectively as Christian Science, or any other theory that the analysis touches.

Mr. Novack's treatment of the circulation of the elite is highly unsatisfactory. It departs so far from Pareto's strictly controlled definitions that I cannot see how anyone who has understood the "Trattato" can have written it. Practically every sentence in it is wrong either in fact or in emphasis, and a person who read Mr. Novack on the subject without reading Pareto would have an altogether erroneous idea of this key idea. I must conclude either that Mr. Novack has wholly misunderstood the "Trattato" or has preferred to study this part of it in Bousquet's "Précis," which is wretchedly inadequate and inaccurate. Since the circulation of the elite is enormously important in the "Trattato," I hope that no one will depend on Mr. Novack's summary.

Considering the limitations of his space, it is probably unfair of me to criticize Mr. Novack for omissions. Nevertheless, I believe that his failure to mention Pareto's use of the idea of the mutual dependence of social phenomena was a serious, even a vitiating, mistake. Everyone, I think, must recognize that this concept is of great absolute importance. My own opinion is that it is the most important one in the "Trattato" and the one which will have the most far-reaching effects, as knowledge of Pareto becomes more general. Anyone whose only information about Pareto came from Mr. Novack's article would have, as a result of this omission, a hopelessly erroneous understanding of the "Trattato."

These errors are tangible and objective. It is probably useless to discuss the subjective misstatements in the article. But clearly Mr. Novack has an active Residue relating to fascism and it leads him to strange Derivations. He presents Pareto as willingly as-

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senting in the fascist movement and says that "his actual life did not quite conform to the political purity demanded by his theory of scientific method." This, I take it, refers to Mussolini's conferring a senatorship on him—for, in the available facts, there is nothing else that the assertion can be applied to. Now, little is known about Pareto's attitude toward fascism, a movement which came to power only a little while before he died, when he was an old man in failing health. He may be said to have passively accepted the senatorship—conferred on him five months before his death—but he did not return to Italy and he refused to serve as Italian delegate to the League of Nations. Some months before his appointment he said in an interview, "I am a scholar. I am a spectator. I keep score. Now, when everyone has become Fascist, I abstain from expressing my thoughts on events. It has never pleased me, and it still displeases me, to join a noisy chorus of adulators." A month before his death, four months after being named senator, in one of the last essays he wrote, he said, "Fascism is not good simply because it is a dictatorship—for like any other system of government it can be made very bad by a bad dictator—but because, *so far,* its effects have been good." (My italics.)

Pareto's sociology is an attempt at an objective description of society. No one can claim that it is wholly successful, but at least it is an approximation. As such it can conceivably be of great value. I believe that it is unwise, in discussing it, to lay oneself open to the suspicion of arguing by accord or sentiments. Yet Mr. Novack exposes himself to that suspicion. He seems to dislike some of Pareto's conclusions (possibly because they are unfavorable to Marx?) and so he finds them unmistakably related to fascism—because he dislikes fascism and may assume that his readers do. I cannot see that the evidence bears him out. . . .

BERNARD DEVOTO.

Lincoln, Mass.

SIR: Although Mr. DeVoto has invented a few misstatements of fact in my article, our controversy concerning Pareto is really about questions of interpretation. We represent opposing points of view which cannot be reconciled by any appeal to the facts but whose differences can be made clear. As a Paretian, Mr. DeVoto disavows any political interests in his social thought. Yet his original article on Pareto in The Saturday Review exhorted American intellectuals to embrace Pareto's sociology in order to save themselves from the damnable clutches of Marxism. Here, he said, are "ideas about society which have teeth in them." I tried to bare those teeth by pointing out the political consequences of those ideas in theory and in historical fact.

Mr. DeVoto dismisses these consequences as accidental and mistaken. The evidence is all against him. The connection between Pareto and fascism undeniably exists in fact as well as in theory. Mussolini himself asserts it—and if his authority means nothing to Mr. DeVoto, perhaps the following from the acknowledged academic authority, Professor H. W. Schneider of Columbia University, will. "Pareto's writings have had a direct influence on fascism, as they have on all current Italian politics and social science." ("Making the Fascist State," page 378.) Lack of space forbids citing similar quotations from a dozen fascist and non-fascist sources.

Mr. DeVoto's attempts to explain away Pareto's connection with fascism do more to reënforce than to refute my position. I did not say, as Mr. DeVoto implies, that Pareto was an active supporter of fascism, but that he was its major prophet. Pareto was a fascist sympathizer and supplied it with ideas, not arms or funds. He accepted homage and honors from its leader and approved its actions because "so far, its effects have been good." Chief among these effects were the overthrowing of the democratic state, the smashing of the working-class movement and the saving of the state for capitalism. . . .

I preferred to consider Pareto's ideas in "Systèmes Socialistes" because there they appear in their place of origin and proper political context, which is concealed in the abstract pseudo-scientific wrappings of the "Treatise." For the same reason I focused my brief treatment of "the circulation of the elite" on the political arena where its ulterior consequences were liberated and its meaning made plain in the ideology of Italian and German fascism. Mr. DeVoto's assertion that Pareto repudiated parts of that earlier work as "subjective" is inconsistent with his own description of it in his earlier article as "an objective study of the Religion of Progress. . . . "

If the value of a scientific idea lies in its proved usefulness and not in the claims made for it, Mr. DeVoto absurdly overrates Pareto's concept of "the mutual dependence of social phenomena." Pareto intended to use this hypothesis to predict—and eventually control—social phenomena as precisely as a chemist controls the reagents in a test-tube The project was nothing but the wish-fulfilment dream of a mathematical engineer—and resulted in failure. . . .

Mr. DeVoto's suspicion that I have an "active residue" against fascism and in favor of Marxism is correct, but my subjective reactions are grounded upon an objective knowledge of what these movements actually mean and do. Are we to understand that Mr. DeVoto has no antipathy to fascism or will view its approach with indifference? I did not discover any fascist movement in the publication of his article. On the contrary I could not detect in it the slightest understanding of what fascism is. The objective conditions favorable for a fascist movement are not yet ripe in the United States, although its germs lurk in our sick society. Fascism is, however, much closer than it was five years ago—and for that reason any appearance or discussion of Pareto is significant. The dissemination of his ideas would furnish an excellent preparation for any possible fascist movement among the intelligentsia—and when the hour for fascism does strike in this country, it takes no great prophetic gift to foresee that its ideology will be a translation into native terms of ideas which resemble Pareto's—and not Marx's.

New York City. GEORGE E. NOVACK.

Extracts from Letters

H. C. DEKKER, of Portland, Oregon, who accuses us in his letter of cluttering up our columns with the "irrelevancies of dilettante Marxists," advises us to consult the recent works of Stuart Chase to find an answer to the Paradox of Plenty. That answer, according to Mr. Dekker, is "an adequate system of consumer financing. If you try to find jobs for consumers first; with Dr. Ogburn's geometrical rate of automatism applied to industry operating, you will never succeed."

Lou Kashins, corresponding secretary of the Edward Bellamy Association of New York, a recently organized society devoted to achieving a social and economic system as advocated by the author in his "Looking Backward" and "Equality," writes in to say that any reader of The New Republic interested in Bellamy's life and works can get in touch with the association at Box 484, Grand Central Annex, New York City. Among the members of the organization are Heywood Broun, John Dewey and Roger N. Baldwin.

Sylvia Pankhurst, secretary of the Women's International Matteotti Committee, an organization to combat Fascism and assist its victims, is arranging for a worldwide protest against Italian Fascism on October 29. The Committee is arranging for demonstrations in every center of Italian emigration and wherever opponents of Fascism are to be found. Demands are to be made for complete amnesty of Fascist prisoners and money is to be collected for their protection and support. Funds thus collected, or any question concerning the demonstration, should be sent to the Committee at "West Dene," Charteris Road, Woodford Green, Essex, England.

The editor of The Northeast Georgia, S. C. Heindel of Cornelia, Georgia, wonders if our Northern readers have any real understanding of how the plow-up-cotton scheme is really working. Mr. Heindel asks our Northern readers if they realize that "speculators have been allowed to make millions of dollars so surely and safely that the process can hardly be called speculative, while farmers can, at best, profit but moderately."

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Fall Book Section

27 rue de Fleurus

The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 320 pages. $3.50.

GERTRUDE STEIN has written her memoirs. But she has attributed them to her friend and companion of twenty-five years, Alice B. Toklas; and her book is thus something a little different from the ordinary book of memoirs. It is Gertrude Stein's imaginative projection of how she and her life and her circle look to Alice B. Toklas. Miss Toklas is presented as the enthusiastic admirer and the obedient shadow of Miss Stein; she turns toward her as the sunflower toward the sun. Yet Miss Toklas's personality is by no means indistinguishable from Miss Stein's: Miss Stein has created her as an individual. And thus "The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas" has something of the character and charm of a novel—a novel of which the subject is the life which Miss Stein and Miss Toklas have made together in Paris, the salon over which they have presided, the whole complex of ideas and events of which they became the center: a social-artistic-intellectual organism.

It is an instructive and most entertaining book. The chapters which deal with the period before the War are perhaps the most interesting part: here she tells about her discovery of Picasso and Matisse, what they were like in their early phases, the gradual taking-shape as a movement of the tendencies of isolated artists, the development of her own literary methods. There is a good deal of wisdom about art and artists, literature and writers: "As Picasso once remarked, when you make a thing, it is so complicated making it that it is bound to be ugly, but those that do it after you they don't have to worry about making it and they can make it pretty, and so everybody can like it when the others make it." All this part of the book has the excitement of artistic adventure, which Gertrude Stein skillfully points up by making Alice B. Toklas come into the Stein world from the outside without knowing at first what it is all about. These chapters, with their stories of Matisse's insulted portrait, Gertrude Stein's posing for Picasso, Braque's assault on the picture expert and the dinner for the *douanier* Rousseau, are moving in their quiet understatement. It was what Jean Cocteau called "the heroic age," and Miss Stein's account of it evokes a nostalgia for the days when the independent shows and the little magazines were matters of prime importance, when everybody was serious about art and it was possible for American spinsters in Paris to coöperate with perfect understanding with revolutionary painters and poets. At the banquet for the *douanier* Rousseau, Marie Laurencin "sang in a thin voice some charming old Norman songs"; Rousseau "blissful and gentle played the violin" and talked about his memories of Mexico; and Guillaume Apollinaire invited Miss Toklas and Miss Stein "to sing some of the native songs of the red indians." André Salmon got drunk and chewed up Miss Toklas's new hat; but she did not resent it long, as he "woke up very charming and very polite" and it was all by way of homage to the *douanier* Rousseau.

The high heart of this period, however, was shaken by the death of Apollinaire in the War; the movement had collided with historical events. The later chapters of the book are less moving. The painters have all arrived; the writers are all arriving. Everybody, as Gertrude Stein intimates, was bent on his own career. Miss Stein and Miss Toklas become more waspish. "Gertrude Stein liked him [Ezra Pound] but did not find him amusing. She said he was a village explainer, excellent if you were a village, but if you were not, not." "There was also Glenway Wescott but Glenway Wescott at no time interested Gertrude Stein. He has a certain syrup but it does not pour." And they are pretty hard on Hemingway:

> Gertrude Stein and Sherwood Anderson are very funny on the subject of Hemingway. The last time that Sherwood was in Paris they often talked about him. Hemingway had been formed by the two of them and they were both a little proud and a little ashamed of the work of their minds. . . . And then they both agreed that they have a weakness for Hemingway because he is such a good pupil. He is a rotten pupil, I protested. You don't understand, they both said, it is so flattering to have a pupil who does it without understanding it, in other words he takes training and anybody who takes training is a favorite pupil. They both admit it to be a weakness. Gertrude Stein added further, you see he is like Derain. You remember Monsieur de Tuille said, when I did not understand why Derain was having the success he was having that it was because he looks like a modern and smells of the museums. And that is Hemingway, he looks like a modern and smells of the museums.

It is indeed true that, as one reads this book, one is more forcibly struck than ever by Hemingway's debt to Gertrude Stein. Such passages as the following suggest that he has been influenced by her conversational as well as by her literary style (I hardly dare suggest that Gertrude Stein's literary style may in its turn have been affected by the conversations of Hemingway's characters):

> It was about this time that the futurists, the Italian futurists, had their big show in Paris and it made a great deal of noise. Everybody was excited and this show being given in a very well known gallery everybody went. Jacques-Emile Blanche was terribly upset by it. We found him wandering tremblingly in the garden of the Tuileries and he said, it looks alright but is it. No it isn't, said Gertrude Stein. You do me good, said Jacques-Emile Blanche.

And:

> He and I always say that he and I will be the last people of our generation to remember the war. I am afraid we both of us have already forgotten it a little. Only the other day though Elmer announced that he had had a great triumph, he had made Captain Peter and Captain Peter is a breton admit that it was a nice

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war. Up to this time when he had said to Captain Peter, it was a nice war, Captain Peter had not answered, but this time when Elmer said, it was a nice war, Captain Peter said, yes Elmer, it was a nice war.

Yet one feels that Miss Stein, in her criticisms of certain of her friends and disciples, as expressed at any rate in this book, is affected by two considerations which tend to bias her judgment. In the first place, she is the ruler of a salon: there is something of Mme. Verdurin about her. You get the impression that when her protégés go elsewhere or cease to need her, she can no longer believe in them quite so strongly. She seems, for example, to hint that the virtue began to pass out of Matisse as soon as he became popular and prosperous and, leaving Paris, ceased to come to her dinners. And she is also herself a writer who has had a very hard time to get published and who has never yet had the recognition to which she considers herself entitled. Her only references to Joyce in this book are (1) that he was supposed to have been brought to see her but never came and (2) a derogatory remark by Picasso about Joyce's work. Herself Miss Stein describes as "in english literature in her time . . . the only one." Success in itself seems to imply for her some imposture or deterioration. Yet it is hard to tell how much deliberate irony there may be in the presentation of all this through the medium of Alice B. Toklas. There is evidently a certain amount of pure mischief in her treatment of Hemingway, as to whom a distinct difference is indicated between Miss Stein's and Miss Toklas's opinions. And it is hardly conceivable that the creator of Miss Furr and Miss Skeene can be insensible to the humors of Miss Toklas and Miss Stein. A cool and pervasive irony has always been one of the characteristics of Gertrude Stein's writing; and there is certainly more artistic impersonality in this book than most of the comments I have heard allow. When you have read it, you take away an impression of Miss Stein and Miss Toklas in Paris, not in the least like anything you get from the memoirs, say, of Margot Asquith or of Isadora Duncan, but, rather, like your recollection of one of the households of Jane Austen.

"The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas," though not Gertrude Stein's most important book, is likely to prove her most popular. It is the only thing she has published since "Three Lives" which is from the ordinary point of view easily readable. (She says that she has cut down "The Making of Americans" to four hundred pages at the request of someone who told her he thought he could find a publisher for it but was never able to make good. Why doesn't Harcourt, Brace or somebody bring it out? All it needed to be readable was compression.) And she explains here—or makes Alice B. Toklas explain—in simpler language than heretofore—what she has been trying to do in the experiments which first disturbed and stimulated the world with the publication of "Tender Buttons."

Let us hope that "The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas," with its wisdom, its distinction and its charm, will have the effect of causing the general public to recognize Gertrude Stein for what she is: one of the remarkable women of her time and if not "in english literature the only one" at least one of the genuinely original ones. Hitherto, though her influence has always been felt at the sources of literature and art, her direct communications with the public have been extremely blurred and broken, and neither the readers of modern books nor the collectors of modern painting have realized how much they owe her. When she lectured at Oxford and was asked by her hecklers why she "thought she was right in doing the kind of writing she did," she replied "that it was not a question of what anyone thought but after all she had been doing as she did for about twenty years and now they wanted to hear her lecture. This did not mean of course that they were coming to think that her way was a possible way, it proved nothing, but on the other hand it did possibly indicate something." The interest in the publication of these memoirs from quarters which have scoffed at or ignored her is a tribute of the same kind.

EDMUND WILSON.

The Peace to End Peace

Peacemaking, by Harold Nicolson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 378 pages. $4.50.

HAROLD NICOLSON is middle-aged now, but there was once a young Harold Nicolson. "Peacemaking" is a requiem over the young man's soul. In 1919 Lloyd George sent him, a civil servant from the Foreign Office in his early thirties, to the Peace Conference as fact-finder to the British delegation. "I traveled inspired only by the doctrines of Woodrow Wilson. . . . I discovered that this prophet was a dry and uncertain man. I was disconcerted by this discovery. I subsequently discovered that my prophet was not in the least prepared to enforce his own prophecy. I deserted to other teachers."

As early as a month before the Armistice Wilson would not even reply to French proposals to clear the road toward sanity and a free hand at Paris by the initial precaution of canceling the secret treaties. He refused because the French proposals referred slightingly to the Fourteen Points. Yet he began to give the Points away soon after his arrival in France. He ended by consenting to the flagrant violation of nineteen of his twenty-three Points, Principles and Particulars. Early in the Conference he had the power to compel a decision as to whether a final settlement was to be negotiated or imposed. But he delayed until the "hysterical nightmare" of the last few weeks. Then the imposition that France and Italy wanted was inevitable. And massively uncollectable indemnities which had been put in the treaty with the intention of provoking counter-proposals at a subsequent "Congress" with the enemy powers were allowed to remain there after the idea of a Congress was abandoned.

Mr. Nicolson analyzes the causes of the Wilson debacle much as would an anti-Puritan American. They came from the defects of the President's preacher forbears, from "that spiritual arrogance that seems inseparable from the harder forms of religion" and produces intellects that will not face reality. To meet the wry facts of European chaos, Woodrow Wilson had little method, little knowledge and in the end only "an active belief that God, Wilson and the People would triumph. . . . He identified the Covenant of the League of Nations with this, his central impulse. Before the Ark of the Covenant he sacrificed the Fourteen Points, one by one."

On the subject of open covenants openly arrived at, Mr. Nicolson has a word of advice to the negotiators of future treaties. He submits that personal contact between negotiators leads to personal acquaintance, personal acquaintance to friendliness, friendliness to imprecision.

> Diplomacy is the art of negotiating *documents* in ratifiable and therefore dependable form. It is by no means the art of conversation. The affability insepar-

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able from any conversation between Foreign Ministers produces allusiveness, compromises and high intentions. Diplomacy, if it is ever to be effective, should be a disagreeable business. And one recorded in hard print.

Was the Treaty of Versailles an actual breach of contract with the Germans? Although all the documents are not available, Mr. Nicolson assumes that the Enemy powers surrendered to the Fourteen Points as they stood. But certainly the Peace was drawn in the light of the "interpretations" which Colonel House communicated secretly to the Allies with the President's knowledge in October, 1918. Of this glossary the technical staffs who did the spade work at the Conference never even heard until years later. But as they handed up recommendations based on the only charter they had, the Fourteen Points, and witnessed their fate, a picked crew of the ablest young technicians in the Western world turned into cynics. In so far as they helped the conclusions of the Treaty, they knew they were being paid to cheat.

But they retained their class allegiance. Bela Kun had proclaimed a Bolshevik dictatorship in Hungary. General Smuts invited Nicolson to a quick assessing of the unknown. In Budapest they found "a little man of about thirty; puffy white face; loose red lips . . . he has the face of a sulky and uncertain criminal." Nicolson omits no cause of his shrinking from the sight and smell of Demos, even to the dirty collar of "the little oily Jew" who was the Bolshevik Foreign Secretary. His opinion on half measures is indicated in a note on Professor Brown, an inquirer President Wilson had sent to Budapest. "He takes a Wilsonian, *i. e.*, an unpractical view. He talks of 'natural social evolution,' speaks of the order Bela Kun is maintaining and says that he is supported by the iron workers' union, 40,000 strong." Promptly General Smuts decided to continue the food blockade. Nine weeks later the proletarian dictatorship was starved out of being and the White Terror began.

Mr. Nicolson had by that time returned to the business of treaty-making. The diaries he kept during those disastrous Paris months have not since been touched except to make the meaning clear. They are priceless. His own class and nationalist bias is the only subtlety the writer overlooks in the scene. He shows himself to have been hard-working, hard-boiled, modern, witty and indispensable.

For example. . . . He arrives at President Wilson's house to find the President, Lloyd George and Clemenceau crouching on the carpet over a map that Nicolson has marked for their benefit. They improvise a partitioning of Asia Minor. "It is immoral and impracticable. But I obey orders. The Greeks are getting *too* much." (The Greeks got so much that presently thousands were bayoneted into the sea at Smyrna and the city burned.) Lloyd George, combatting the Italian appetite for territory, mistakes in mid-speech the green on a map for Greeks. It really indicates valleys. Nicolson hastily whispers the correction; "Ll. G." takes it with great good humor. "Ll. G." is "quick as a king fisher." Wilson is "slow-minded." With Nicolson, A. J. Balfour dictates memoranda that will quietly undo jerry-built decisions of the day before. Balfour was one of Nicolson's great men. When Nicolson protested at the immorality of one or another of the partitionings, "A. J. B." replied, "All that is quite true. But, my dear young man, you forget we are at the Paris Conference. All you say is pure esthetics."

As the same weary cynic watched the Germans march up to sign the Treaty, having been let out of their prisoners' stockade for the purpose, he turned his face away. "I make it a rule never to stare at people in distress," he told Nicolson. Nicolson's final entry on signing day ends the book. It was, "To bed, sick of life."

GRIFFIN BARRY.

Middle Class Millennium

The Shape of Things to Come, by H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company. 431 pages. $2.50.

IF EVER the race attains to one of those millennia which Mr. Wells has visualized in such a variety of forms, it is certain that his own works will have considerable importance, and not only as historical curiosities. From that long perspective, which he creates once more in his newest book, he will appear as a kind of bright and agile juggler, forever casting his arresting intellectual patterns into the air for the handsome entertainment of a large public. And the discerning millennial historian, taking Mr. Wells against the background of his time, will learn a great deal about the age in which we are now living.

There is here, in pages describing the rush and whir of time, an almost wistful confession of Mr. Wells' sense of the futility of juggling in this fashion with bright millennia. "It was," Mr. Wells says, speaking from a vast millennial distance about his fellow intellectuals, "with extreme reluctance that impatient reformers turned their minds from impossible coups d'état and pronunciamentos, strikes against war and booby millennia, to this necessary systematic preliminary renucleation of the world. The immediate task seemed too narrow and intense for them and its objective too high and remote."

But this is only a momentary mood. He has done the whole thing again, administering to recalcitrant mankind a sounder spanking this time. Gone are the pleasant days, of "The World of William Clissold," when Mr. Wells believed that big business through its international ramifications might by a natural evolutionary process, under the noses of the stupid politicians, transcend the worn-out system of European states. Man must suffer war, plague and famine for three decades more before he is purged of an archaic debt-monetary system and the gross errors of nationalism. It is a terrible and, on the whole, a convincing picture that Mr. Wells presents with his old journalistic skill. With great ingenuity he fixes upon present signs of apparent social decay as points of departure for the swift, cataclysmic process that reaches a climax in the plague of 1955-56.

If the course of destruction is swift, the rehabilitation seems, to earthbound mortals at any rate, swifter still. Mr. Wells has his historian of 2150 record that the assumption that world movements "happened" was a major fallacy of the early twentieth century; they must be brought about by strict attention to the "immediate task." Upon the ruins of a stricken world, a group of aviators establish a system of international barter. These aviators form an association, protective in nature, resembling—and Mr. Wells has worked out the parallel very cleverly—that of the merchants of the Hanseatic League. At a first world conference these aviators lay down the outlines of a World State to be formed under their domination. The old forces of reaction are at first too apathetic to resist. Resistance when it comes is useless, for the powers of the air, with a devotion to the idea of the World State that is essentially religious, have perfected a careful discipline and an elaborate system of education and propaganda to indoctrinate the young.

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It is here that Mr. Wells's faith in the scientist, the technician, is made plain, as in so many of his previous excursions into utopia. While every contemporary circumstance would seem to disprove it, Mr. Wells assumes that a middle-class technical education endows its possessor with remarkable social insight and purity of purpose. With this goes a corresponding distrust of the masses and the politicians who work by practical means with the masses. In his post-millennial account of the failure of the Russian experiment in the 1930's, he quarrels with the Soviet leaders for what he regards as their worship of the mass. He sees Russia failing in the role of world savior and he demands, rather sharply, to know why M. Litvinov did not salvage the London Economic Conference by advancing "simple, directive ideas" in an appeal to the peoples of the earth. For more than thirty years Mr. Wells, from his study, has been appealing to the peoples of the earth. With tireless energy and sustained brilliance he has propagated his "simple, directive ideas," and if he is somewhat impatient now, one may forgive him, for he has waited a long time, at least by the Wellsian calendar, for his middle-class millennium.

MARQUIS W. CHILDS.

This Age of Pamphleteers

The John Day Pamphlets, Nos. 25-33: The Promise of Power, by Stuart Chase; A Call to the Teachers of the Nation, by the Committee of the Progressive Education Association on Social and Economic Problems; The Farmer Is Doomed, by Louis M. Hacker; Instead of Dictatorship, by Henry Hazlitt; Nazi Culture, by Matthew Josephson; A New Social Order, by Walter Lippmann; Work Camps for America, by Osgood Nichols and Comstock Glaser. New York: The John Day Company. About 32 pages each. 25 cents per copy.

THE PRESENT crisis has seen the revival of a great many things that had confidently been looked upon as dead and irrecoverable: the bicycle has come back, the population has flowed out into the rural regions, whole communities live by primitive barter, aware for perhaps the first time that goods must be met with goods, and work with work, rather than with salesmanship, stocks, paper profits and slick packages. Not the least significant of these revivals is the growth of a pamphlet literature.

The pamphlet was frozen out by prosperity and the customs of the bookseller's trade. Literature of all sorts—except books—was timed by the calendar and sold by the yard: as if there were any necessary connection between a series of monthly publication dates and the demand for thought and emotional stimulus. In order to read a single good article or poem, one was forced to buy, whether one liked them or not, a large irrelevant assortment of articles, stories, editorial comments and advertising, which filled up type space, consumed wood pulp and acted conveniently as an eye-bandage to keep one from staring at faces in a subway train.

These monthly poultices of intellectual inanity and persiflage removed the aches and swellings produced by the infections of genuine experience; and if their constant application was bad for the reader, it was worse for the writer. For the main qualification of thought was that it should be able to fit within the cover of a magazine, somewhere between the advertisements of educational institutions and the proclamation of the heavenly transports and aphrodisiac blisses produced by cheap cigarettes—advertisements that would be extravagant for morphine or peyote. Free inquiry and intellectual exercise had to conform to the following requirements: an article must not be more than five thousand words long, preferably not more than 3,200; it must not conflict with the prejudices of the editor himself or of his magazine readers: it must not take a position which would offend the major advertisers of the magazine.

Our intellectual life, as it was reflected in periodical literature, was a sort of hors d'oeuvre that made the advertising pages appetizing and digestible. If one could not express one's political and economic and social convictions in five thousand cagey words which would pass all the finer forms of bourgeois censorship, one was driven somehow to put them into a book: an intermediate form, though dictated by the nature of the material, was almost out of the question. (A few publishers, and notably Mr. B. W. Huebsch, did, however, make a gallant and honest effort to publish small books; the success of the New Republic Series and the Today and Tomorrow Series showed that there was a demand all along for intellectual stimulus of this type.)

If it was impossible to publish pamphlets when we were "prosperous," one might innocently think that this form would be prohibitive in these even sadder days. On the contrary: booksellers, confronted with no sales, are now not averse to little ones, and the pamphlet has come back again. The writer can examine the great questions of the hour without being guiltily aware of the advertiser, and the reader can take his thought neat, without having it doctored to meet his supposed limitations and prejudices: moreover, as a form the pamphlet is often more dignified, convenient and handsome than the best of our magazines. Is this perhaps the beginning of the end of that curious capitalist anomaly by which thought and emotion have existed as vehicles for advertisement and sale? Can we perhaps even look forward to the reduction of the function of advertising to a listing, with an accurate rating for performance, in an encyclopedic consumer's guide? That would not be one of the smallest blessings that the growth of the pamphlet might bring.

In its cheap, thirty-two-page pamphlets, the John Day Company have done an excellent piece of pioneering. This is not to say that these pamphlets are of uniform quality: on one hand there are such pertinent analyses as that of the European work camps, by Messrs. Nichols and Glaser, such a stirring acknowledgement of social responsibility and revolutionary aim as that of the Committee of the Progressive Education Association on Social and Economic Problems, such a warm, honest expression of human indignation as Matthew Josephson's picture of Nazi culture, such a gay, provocative, tender and infuriating set of verses as MacLeish's "Frescoes for Mr. Rockefeller's City": on the other hand, there is Walter Lippmann, shooting at decoy ideas that never fly out of the water, in a Commencement Day address. But the point is that the pamphlet is a medium which does not depend upon the rigmarole of capitalist exploitation nor yet capitalist subsidy, however generous and helpful even to antagonistic ideas that has sometimes been: the pamphlet needs only passionate awakened readers and vigilant writers. For my part, I would trade the greater part of our magazines, shabby and respectable, Communist and Tory, for the assurance of four or five series of pamphlets, struck out by the necessity of the moment when the idea becomes imperious, and expression drives home like a knife into the gizzard of reality.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

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To My Book

Herrick, his book armed like a porcupine,
into each probing hand shot back a stinging line.
No critic carelessly could pluck those verses,
guarded by Herrick's ready, rhyme-edged curses.

"Lameness shrink him who said its measures halted."
"Gallows sum him who said its worth defaulted."
"Famine waste him who said it could not nourish."
"Sorrow droop him who prayed it would not flourish."

Such armament would poorly serve your need,
since first our critics etherize, then bleed;
and times like ours, that do not seek in verses
the poet's blessing, do not fear his curses.

Our poets are little heeded now, men deem
ideas loosed in rhythm drowned in its stream;
couplets enrage them for they see each time
sense bit in half between the teeth of rhyme.

So for your aid, my book, some tales I chose,
prose escorts for you in a world of prose.
But you may bear with them; they are your kin;
fancy begot them; and purpose took them in.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

A Lesson for Chicago

The Tale of Chicago, by Edgar Lee Masters, New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 364 pages. $3.75.

CHICAGO is the most informing specimen of the biology of the megalopolis. Its history, embraced within a single century, is still covered by unbroken oral tradition. The causes of its greatness are evident in a geographical position which made it a transportation center for grain, cattle, oil, steel; in mechanical progress, of which the reaper, the sleeping car and the Bessemer process are examples; and in population trends which brought pioneers from New England and the South and immigrants from Ireland, Germany, Scandinavia, Russia, Bohemia and Poland. The stages of its growth are marked from its incorporation as a village with 350 inhabitants in 1833 to the fire of 1871 which destroyed a city of over half a million; to the Fair of 1893, when the population had passed the million; and thence to the present metropolitan extravaganza. This story Mr. Masters tells with much animation and some animus, a diligent accumulation of facts (not all of them impeccable) and a pictorial imagination which brings the physical appearance of the city in its various phases before the eye of the reader.

Animus one has learned to expect from Mr. Masters, especially against bankers, judges, journalists, moralists, "theologians" and reformers. It is a little strange, however, to read a tale of Chicago with no mention of Clarence Darrow and Jane Addams. It seems somewhat cruel to remind us that The Chicago Tribune, under the grandfather of its present editor, wrote: "The simplest plan, probably, when one is not a member of the Humane Society, is to put arsenic in the supplies of food furnished the unemployed." In essentials, however, Mr. Masters sees clearly and truly, and his sympathies and prejudices are to his credit. His heroes of Chicago history are Stephen A. Douglas and John P. Altgeld, fallen demigods who remain abased though the causes for which they fought are today justified in all reason: Douglas's belief that the slavery question should be settled by political means without resort to war; Altgeld's contention that the Anarchists of 1887 were murdered by Judge Gary and his abettors, and his opposition to Cleveland's provocative action in sending troops to Chicago to crush the railroad strike of 1894.

Mr. Masters' interpretation of his story makes the importance of his book. He sees that the development of Chicago has been shaped by men who found there an opportunity unprecedented for the exercise of individual energy and ability—Ogden, Field, Palmer, McCormick, Armour, Pullman—who " . . . created that phase of the city which is swift and hard, executive and tireless, ambitious and selfish, but also public-spirited and philanthropic, moralistic, censorious, exclusive and proud, given at times to witch hunting and mob appeals to the laws, and possessed of an unquenchable desire to rule and to shape the destinies of a people."

The logical development of this type came to ripe fruitage in Yerkes and Insull, both of whom wallowed in political corruption and soared to heights of public beneficence. On the other hand, the mass population of Chicago has shown itself singularly incapable of collective intelligence and energy. It has translated the proud motto of the city into "I will, well but feebly." The humiliating failure of the city to obtain the long desired public ownership of local transportation is a recent instance, as is its present defeat in the effort to preserve its school system against the attack by political Huns of a type which even New York has found means of evacuating.

One cause of this collective impotence, Mr. Masters would doubtless agree, is the sterility of spirit which he deplores. There is a note of personal pathos in his sentence: "The record of the experience of literary men who tried to live in Chicago shows that they were inexpressibly lonely there, and could not extract from its spiritual atmosphere enough oxygen upon which to live." Chicago has received gifts from its ducal families beyond the example of any city since the Renaissance. They have given the orchestra, opera, a great collection of works of art, two universities which in scientific discovery and scholarship stand among the first. It is significant that though they tried with desperate futility to give the city an art theatre they never provided a magazine or a newspaper. The fact that the benefactors, with all their originality and initiative in practical life, were timid parasites in the world of culture is Mr. Masters' reason for the failure of their institutions to permeate the life of the city, to leaven the mass. But when, it may be asked, did such application of intelligence from above ever accomplish this miracle? The conversion of Chicago must come from its people. The present fight for the public schools, the organization of the unemployed, the establishment of workers' schools and theatres, the jury-free outdoor exhibitions of art work—all these are signs of a new spirit. It is for the cultural institutions of the city, which for all Mr. Masters' strictures have remained singularly free from the direct control of their capitalistic benefactors, to give active support if not leadership to such popular aspirations. If Chicago, the empty mud flat on the Onion River, was once a field of opportunity for the pioneer seeking material wealth, no less is Chicago today, spiritual mud flat though it appears to Mr. Masters' vision, a field of opportunity for the enterprisers in things of the spirit.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

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The New Freedom and the New Deal

The New Freedom, by Woodrow Wilson. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 294 pages. $1.

TWENTY years have passed since Woodrow Wilson, on the threshold of the presidency and at the height of his powers, wrote his whole social credo into these campaign speeches. As the most open and defiant indictment that anyone in high public office has made of the American plutocracy, the book has ranked as a cross between a classic and a museum piece, equally notable for the clangor of its sentences and the slightness of its results. Wilson had, along with his iron-principled Calvinism, a sort of literary sensitiveness. He was forever sniffing the breezes of public opinion, forever finding "something new astir in the air." "We stand in the presence of a revolution," he announced to one audience, "not a bloody revolution; America is not given to the spilling of blood—but a silent revolution." It was good publishing judgment which has led to the reissue of Wilson's book at this time. Today when we are again talking of silent revolutions, the New Deal sends us not unnaturally back to the New Freedom, in a quest partly for origins but mainly for perspective.

The New Freedom was more than the phrase of a college professor turned politician. It was a fleeting gleam of vision caught by a whole generation of a way of escape from the intolerable oppression of the vested interests. Wilson was astute enough to snare the vision and to attach to it his political fortunes; he was phrase-maker enough to invest it with a moral fervor against which even the skeptical reader of today will not be immune. The formula that he evolves in these speeches is simple enough: smash the trusts, destroy special privilege, restore competition, let the full light of publicity beat in on all the activities of business and government. And the strategy for effecting the return of this primitive economic democracy? "The way to resume is to resume," says Wilson, quoting Greeley. Amazingly simple. Yet it elected a president and stirred his generation. In its day it was held to be desperately radical. But Wilson's radicalism was of the sort that took itself out mainly in after-dinner eloquence. "I do not say this," he warns, after one of his attacks on the plutocracy, "with the slightest desire to create any prejudice against wealth; on the contrary, I should be ashamed of myself if I excited class feeling of any kind."

Others of Wilson's time—Veblen, La Follette, Brandeis and even the muckraking group—had gone far beyond him in making the age realistically aware of the power and the threat of the huge corporations. What Wilson did was to translate this awareness into terms of political thinking, and keep it from finding too dangerous an outlet in class feeling. Not for nothing had he read Burke and Bagehot and Gladstone. He saw the corporations as another government, superimposed upon and often displacing the regular government. The threat that he chose to see was the threat to the English ideal of political freedom. And his proud phrase, "Freemen need no guardians," was simply a diluted version of "Britons never shall be slaves." It would operate as cogently against government control as against plutocratic domination.

That is why in all fairness to Franklin Roosevelt—and despite certain gracious acknowledgements that he makes to his old chief in "Looking Forward"—the New Deal as a program must be clearly dissociated from Wilson's New Freedom. In fact, in the matter of control, the present Roosevelt stands in a more direct line of descent, in thought as well as in blood, from Theodore Roosevelt, who called specifically for monopoly control and for a differentiation between good trusts and bad trusts. Wilson's thought never departed essentially from the old competitive ideal of nineteenth-century England. To say, as do some critics of the New Deal, that Roosevelt's recovery program is merely Wilsonian liberalism transferred to the present situation is to stretch the much-abused term "liberalism" beyond all recognition. In place of laissez-faire we have a vigorous economic constructivism, in place of "government by discussion" we have a semi-dictatorship, instead of leaving freemen to their own desires and devices we regulate them through a highly centralized economic government in Washington, instead of the new freedom we have an approach to the corporate state. The Wilson of these speeches would have been entirely out of sympathy with the New Deal. "I don't want a smug lot of experts to sit down behind closed doors in Washington and play Providence to me"—these words of his could be used to great advantage today by the coal and steel operators and by Henry Ford.

Despite these differences there is a real historical continuity between the New Freedom and the New Deal. Franklin Roosevelt has said of Wilson, "The problem he saw so clearly is left with us as a legacy," and what he is referring to is "the concentration of financial power." It is the problem of an onward-moving finance capitalism which in Wilson's day had taken the form of enslaving the industrial system by monopoly and in Roosevelt's day has led to complete industrial collapse. Wilson's brilliant and yet somehow platitudinous phrases were the product of an era which could still personify the evil forces to be overthrown; Roosevelt's concrete administrative bulletins are an index of the agony of the capitalist state. But the two are bound in a real community by the fact that each represents for his own period the interests and the attitudes of the small man and his revolt against the dominance of the big fellow. And as both leaders set themselves to fight Big Business, so have they been loathed and feared by Big Business. The bitterness with which Wall Street hated Wilson on his entrance into office, even threatening to pull a panic on him, is matched only by the bitterness with which the captains of industry are now sabotaging the Recovery Act.

But the dialectic of history moves forward and carries with it the ironic compulsion of events. The Wilson who sat for eight years in the White House was a different Wilson from the one who had toured the country radiating moral energy. He never made any efforts to smash the trusts, but contented himself with the Federal Reserve System and the Federal Trade Commission; his "government by discussion" turned into a uniquely despotic presidency; and his ideals of freedom were sadly squeezed out in the war which he had sought to avoid entering. The irony of the historical perspective that Wilson's later experience affords is that Little Business, which knows how to fight Big Business when the interests of the two diverge, knows also how to unite with Big Business against a common enemy. Wilson was led to draw his thunder, leaving the field to the Morgans and Palmers; Roosevelt may find on the other hand that only increasing coercion applied to

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labor as well as to capital can bring recovery and order. In either case they strengthen capitalism in the very process of fighting it. For Roosevelt today, as for Wilson in its earlier phase, capitalism plays the role of Brahma in Emerson's poem: "When me they fly I am the wings."

MAX LERNER.

John Harvard, Jr.

Not to Eat, Not for Love, by George Anthony Weller. New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. $2.50.

THIS BOOK is about as easy to review as a young zebra. It is marked in many styles, and formless when on the run. Perhaps the simplest way of getting at it is through its title. The phrase from which it is taken issues from the mouth of Ralph Waldo Emerson on the fly-leaf of the volume: " . . . four snakes gliding up and down a hollow for no purpose that I could see—not to eat, not for love, but only gliding." Since this is a book about Harvard College by a young graduate, the implication is that the whole damned "younger generation" is sliding about on its belly, not to eat, not for love, but apparently just for beans.

Here the author is not far from wrong. An oldish Harvard graduate recently asked the reviewer what ailed the undergraduate of today, why so introspective, and to what purpose? There are no roadhouses along the journey of introspection. We, the younger men of America, are not aware of this patent truth. O generation of snakes, gliding along the road and stopping to linger by the wayside! We are too conscious of the Freudian Kitchen on the one hand to remain contentedly naïve; too unaware of philosophy before Freud and science after Freud on the other to proceed direct to our destination. None of us has self-unconsciousness and none of us has self-knowledge. We wriggle in the middle ground between the two desirable poles.

This, as the reviewer sees it, is the dilemma of the "younger generation," George Weller, his title, his book, his style, and possibly the reviewer as well. Certainly of the reader. For nowhere does Weller or any one of his characters pose the question of introspection squarely—and that is obviously the issue with which they all are concerned—or indeed any other question. They ask and ask, but usually avoid any straight, clear query, certainly any possibility of an answer, being usually content at the last with some such reply as "Oh, Epes." Whereupon the first questioner retorts, "Oh, Ellen."

Perhaps one is being a little hard, as is the way of one contemporary with another. An older man would give the book its due. Its purpose is to draw a kaleidoscopic picture of a kaleidoscopic life and it succeeds in being kaleidoscopic. Life at Harvard, one is told on good authority, is of the sort where one sees a man for a week or two, not again for two weeks, then for six weeks, and finally loses sight of him altogether. This unfortunate existence, so unlike that of young Willie Yale and Betty Princeton, is profusely described in "Not to Eat, Not for Love." But the author gets lost in the profusion of his own atmosphere. The book becomes runny as a hasty pudding. Characters dash in and out until finally the novel rushes the author off his feet and the Dickie runs away with the Spee. The reader is left standing in the Yard.

George Weller can think. His chapter on the lecture of a young English instructor is good. He can write. The book is filled with fine phrases and descriptions. But he fails to keep himself aloof. He also falters when he tries the stream-of-consciousness manner, for the Joycean style must be employed by the master, or a master, and in the hands of younger or lesser men almost invariably becomes a sort of messy bludgeon, too heavy for the wielder, acting merely as a smearer rather than a knocker-down. Too many characters walk "liquidly" down the stairs. There is an overuse of bad adverbs, unnecessary similes and adjectives. Many facts are wrong, such as those about *First* Form dances at Groton, and—*"falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus."* If this criticism of style is too academic, one can say that George Weller has an acute awareness of character, but no true insight into it. Have you ever heard football players apostrophize the pigskin as "Oh you fought-for"? Well, maybe they do at Harvard.

F. VINTON LINDLEY.

Kings in Exile

Beaver, Kings and Cabins, by Constance Lindsay Skinner. New York: The Macmillan Company. 273 pages. $2.50.

I THINK the true story of the North American Indian's influence upon the white man—his part in molding the ideals of our civilization—can never be written until we realize that far from being a savage just emerging—if that—from savagery, he was, when the white man found him, the last of a far-away, highly cultured race. The French Jesuits, coming over in the early seventeenth century far less to "save" than to "know" him, were convinced of this by his language alone. The highest educated men of their time, they confronted in the Indian tongue a speech whose fine difficulties balked them, astonished them and filled them with admiration. For it was no barbaric chatter which the painted, grease-smeared Indian uttered, but a language—formal, cultured, eloquent, elegant, of infinite variety, flexible to the twist of dialectic or metaphor and rich with tradition. It was as if we of today, losing slowly all we have of culture, art, science, were to sink to the status of skin-clad forest dwellers and were yet to keep pure our English tongue—tongue of Shakespeare, of Milton—were to keep also some vague tradition of what we once had and were to say, for instance, to our "discoverers": "Once far away, our ancestors flew. Once, long ago, our grandfathers spoke and the air carried their words everywhere in our island. How? We know not. Our medicine men tell us this."

Miss Skinner, in her "Beaver, Kings and Cabins," develops some of this as a minor theme in a way which makes her book highly suggestive for the reader who likes to ruminate. Her major theme is the story of the early fur traders and Beaver, "great empire-builder." Her minor theme concerns itself with the yet unmeasured influence of the Indian's feeling for liberty, equality, democracy (abstractions all, but "things" none the less lying deepest in our social order), which was largely absorbed from the wilderness and the Indians by the white *voyageurs* and fur traders, precursors of what we today call civilization.

They were blind instruments of fate, these precursors of ours, risking all things for the free life, for adventure; quite able to live without their masters, the kings, but equally unable to live merely in wilderness cabins. Miss Skinner conceives them as of an older race than the Indians, in which, I think, she errs. For we can trace the white man back to his ancestors, but the Red Indian remains the ethnological puzzle—he seemingly goes back to "timelessness." Somehow he had learned in his long descent that

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"enough for the tribe" is enough; for the rest, a life of leisure. But the white adventurers, though they could not live the hampered life of civilized Europe, could not live the free life without "doing something." This idiosyncrasy of theirs, this small difference between the old and the young instincts for liberty, opened the land to kings, wars and conquests, and what Beaver has built on this continent lies spread before us today for dispassionate contemplation. "Beaver, Kings and Cabins" is, as I have said, a highly suggestive book. It is also, in its simmered-down essence of historical detail, so valuable a book to have by one as to deserve, in a second edition, that one thing which will make it of service for reference, a full index.

EDNA KENTON.

Navaho Boy

Dark Circle of Branches, by Laura Adams Armer. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 222 pages. $2.50.

WHAT ONE knows already about an Indian book by Laura Adams Armer is that it will be written more completely in the Indian idiom than almost any other Indian book available. And what one has most consistently regretted about Indian books for children is that they have almost invariably been written in the idiom of the modern Europeanized fairy tale, setting up between them and their readers a completely misleading barrier of expression. What Laura Adams Armer more than anybody, except perhaps George Bird Grinnell, has done for the American Indian is to preserve his true medium of expressiveness and the mold of his literary form. It is probable that the actual primitive form of the European myth was more nearly like that of the Indian than its present form has become, changing as we change our way of thinking the primitive contact. American children have lost immeasurably by this transcription of the Indian way of thought into the debased forms of modernized folklore, and are correspondingly to be congratulated on the appearance of something like the original forms, so much more like the natural way of child thought, which is so much more like the way of all modern thought.

Miss Armer is particularly successful in presenting the Indian ideas of Deity as a personalization of all natural forces, a natural way in which inherent forces *work*, precisely as the natural forces of human personality work within man. One cannot but feel that in this approach the child comes closer to the reality of God Power as it is conceived by the best minds, so that Indian lore becomes for the reader what it normally is, a proper approach to reality rather than a fanciful diversion from it.

The "Dark Circle of Branches" is the Navaho name for the corral of cut branches of pine within which their most important ceremonies take place, and the phrase is here used to indicate the manner in which the hero of the story approaches his manifest destiny as a Medicine Man. The setting is that of El Bosque Redondo, where the Navahos were cruelly encamped by the United States government during the period of the Civil War, and the story leads on to their final release and restoration to their tribal home. The detail of the scene is competently worked out, without any of the confusing of tribal observance of which there is always too much in books of Indian life. Navaho manners are as cleanly described as the psychology is explicitly defined, and the story is clear cut in a fashion we have learned to expect from Miss Armer's former work. The American child to whom this book comes is to be counted fortunate.

MARY AUSTIN.

The Gibson Girl's Man

Richard Harding Davis: His Day, by Fairfax Downey. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 332 pages. $3.

THIS BOOK is pleasant reading, with no more of the author intruded into it than will serve to show the carefulness of his research. Mr. Downey's whole concern is to project, against a sympathetic and therefore highly pictorial background, the imposing figure of Richard Harding Davis, model son and Gibson model, Delmonico's star boarder and star reporter of the Mauve Decade. The result is sound journalism, such as Davis himself would have enjoyed.

One year before the close of the Civil War, Davis was born in Philadelphia (as Mr. Downey puts it) "with a silver pen in his mouth, the collaboration of a newspaperman and an author of fiction." Writing propaganda on behalf of France, and in the midst of a libel suit brought against him by an American profiteer, he died in a New York suburb, one year before we entered the World War—which he may well have been the first to name. The intervening years were crowded with colorful adventure and contrasting fortune enough to have furnished out one of his own romantic heroes. When news would not break for him, he created the news himself. Toward the end of his life, his gross earnings reached $100,000 a year; and the glamor of his example drew countless lads to the writing of copy instead of freshman themes. After having been dropped from Lehigh University, he became successful so soon that he was able to resign the editorship of Harper's Weekly while he was still young enough to be accepted for a term as an undergraduate at Balliol. By nature the shyest of men, and a stickler for the proprieties, he demanded recognition everywhere simply by saying "I am Davis," and he tried single-handed to salvage the reputation of Stanford White. His mildly satirical "Van Bibber" sketches set the fashion for society news in the nineties, and won him admission to the "400" which Ward McAllister had organized but could not enter. From a cub reporter, with a vocabulary of nine hundred words and a flair for self-dramatization, he rose to be a war correspondent whose Cuban dispatches first fed his country's nascent imperialism and later started a Roosevelt toward the White House. And his ultimate good fortune was an early death, at fifty-two; for one must suppose that the invincibly romantic always die young, regardless of the calendar.

In 1924, H. C. Quinby published his inclusive "Richard Harding Davis, a Bibliography," and many of the stories therein listed are still diverting in the way that their author intended. But time has drawn the virtue out of Davis's best work, which was volatile as only good news-writing can be. His very quality as a recorder of the moment has proved to be the defect of his collected works. "Don't look at the dirt," he once advised a younger man. "Admire the picturesque. That's what I do and that is why I am getting $1,000 a week and you are getting—whatever it is you are getting." The literary generation of Faulkner and Hemingway has chosen to follow precepts far different—and not all of that lost generation, it would seem, has starved. However, Davis's ready encouragement to young writers was almost proverbial and often effective; he broke a fat contract with Hearst over a matter of ethics; and, since the War, New York journalism has produced no one so eager to make Gentlemen of the Press into more than a courtesy title. Perhaps, with the imminent return of the Gibson Girl, it will be.

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Ring

FOR A year and a half, the writer of this appreciation was Ring Lardner's most familiar companion; after that geography made separations and our contacts were rare. When we last saw him in 1931 he looked already like a man on his deathbed—it was terribly sad to see that six feet three inches of kindness stretched out ineffectual in the hospital room; his fingers trembled with a match, the tight skin on his handsome skull was marked as a mask of misery and nervous pain.

He gave a very different impression when I first saw him in 1921—he seemed to have an abundance of quiet vitality that would enable him to outlast anyone, to take himself for long spurts of work or play that would ruin an ordinary constitution. He had recently convulsed the country with the famous kitten-and-coat saga (it had to do with a world's series bet and with the impending conversion of some kittens into fur), and the evidence, a beautiful sable, was worn by his wife at the time. In those days he was interested in people, sports, bridge, music, the stage, the newspapers, the magazines, the books. But though I did not know it, the change in him had already begun—the impenetrable despair that dogged him for a dozen years to his death.

He had practically given up sleeping, save on short vacations deliberately consecrated to simple pleasures, most frequently golf with his friends, Grantland Rice or John Wheeler. Many a night we talked over a case of Canadian ale until bright dawn when Ring would rise and yawn:

"Well, I guess the children have left for school by this time—I might as well go home."

The woes of many people haunted him—for example the doctor's death sentence pronounced upon Tad, the cartoonist (who, in fact, nearly outlived Ring)—it was as if he believed he could and ought to do something about it. And as he struggled to fulfill his contracts, one of which, a comic strip based on the character of "the busher," was a terror indeed, it was obvious that he felt his work to be directionless, merely "copy." So he was inclined to turn his cosmic sense of responsibility into the channel of solving other people's problems—finding someone an introduction to a manager, placing a friend in a job, maneuvering a man into a golf club. The effort made was often out of proportion to the situation; the truth back of it was that Ring was getting off—he was a faithful and conscientious workman to the end, but he had stopped finding any fun in his work ten years before he died.

About that time (1922) a publisher undertook to reissue his old books and collect his recent stories and this gave him a sense of existing in the literary world as well as with the public, and he got some satisfaction from the reiterated statements of Mencken and F.P.A. as to his true stature as a writer. But I don't think he cared then—it is hard to understand but I don't think he really gave a damn about anything except his personal relations with people. A case in point was his attitude to those imitators who lifted everything except the shirt off his back—only Hemingway has been so thoroughly frisked—it worried the imitators more than it worried Ring. His attitude was that if they got stuck in the process he'd help them over any tough place.

Throughout this period of huge earnings and an increasingly solid reputation on top and below, there were two ambitions more important to Ring than the work by which he will be remembered: he wanted to be a musician—sometimes he dramatized himself ironically as a thwarted composer—and he wanted to write shows. His dealings with managers would make a whole story: they were always commissioning him to do work which they promptly forgot they had ordered, and accepting librettos that they never produced. Only with the aid of the practical George Kaufman did he achieve his ambition, and by then he was too far gone in illness to get a proper satisfaction from it.

The point of these paragraphs is that whatever Ring's achievement was it fell short of the achievement he was capable of, and this because of a cynical attitude toward his work. How far back did that attitude go—back to his youth in a Michigan village? Certainly back to his days with the Cubs. During those years, when most men of promise achieve an adult education, if only in the school of war, Ring moved in the company of a few dozen illiterates playing a boy's game. A boy's game, with no more possibilities in it than a boy could master, a game bounded by walls which kept out novelty or danger, change or adventure. This material, the observation of it under such circumstances, was the text of Ring's schooling during the most formative period of the mind. A writer can spin on about his adventures after thirty, after forty, after fifty, but the criteria by which these adventures are weighed and valued are irrevocably settled at the age of twenty-five. However deeply Ring might cut into it, his cake had the diameter of Frank Chance's diamond.

Here was his artistic problem, and it promised future trouble. So long as he wrote within that inclosure the result was magnificent: within it he heard and recorded the voice of a continent. But when, inevitably, he outgrew his interest in it, what was Ring left with?

He was left with his fine etymological technique—and he was left rather helpless in those few acres. He had been formed by the very world on which his hilarious irony had released itself. He had fought his way through to knowing what people's motives are and what means they are likely to resort to in order to attain their goals. He was up with the best of them, but now there was a new problem—what to do about it. He went on seeing, and the sights traveled back the optic nerve, but no longer to be thrown off in fiction, because they were no longer sights that could be weighed and valued by the old criteria. It was never that he was completely sold on athletic virtuosity as the be-all and end-all of problems; the trouble was that he could find nothing finer. Imagine life conceived as a business of beautiful muscular organization—an arising, an effort, a good break, a sweat, a bath, a meal, a sleep—imagine it achieved; then imagine trying to apply that standard to the horribly complicated mess of living where nothing, even the greatest conceptions and workings and achievements, is else but messy, spotty, tortuous—and then one can imagine the confusion that Ring faced coming out of the ball park.

He kept on recording but he no longer projected, and this accumulation, which he has taken with him to the grave, crippled his spirit in the latter years. It was not the fear of Niles, Michigan, that hampered him—it was the habit of silence formed in the presence of the "ivory" with which he lived and worked. Remember it was not humble ivory—Ring has demonstrated that—it was arrogant, imperative, often megalomaniacal ivory. He got a habit of silence, then the habit of repression that finally took the form of his odd little crusade in The New Yorker against pornographic songs. He had agreed with himself to speak only a small portion of his mind.

The present writer once suggested to him that he organize some *cadre* on which he could adequately display his

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talents, suggesting that it should be something deeply personal, and something on which Ring could take his time, but he dismissed the idea lightly; he was a disillusioned idealist but he had served his Goddess well, and no other could be casually created for him—"This is something that can be printed," he reasoned, "this, however, must join that accumulated mass of reflections that can never be written."

He covered himself in such cases with protests of his inability to bring off anything big, but this was specious, for he was a proud man and had no reason to rate his abilities cheaply. He refused to "tell all" because in a crucial period of his life he had formed the habit of not doing it—and this he had elevated gradually into a standard of taste. It never satisfied him by a damn sight.

So one is haunted not only by a sense of personal loss but by a conviction that Ring got less percentage of himself on paper than any other American author of the first flight. There is "You Know Me, Al," and there are about a dozen wonderful short stories, (My God! he hadn't even saved them—the material of "How to Write Short Stories" was obtained by photographing old issues of magazines in the public library!) and there is some of the most uproarious and inspired nonsense since Lewis Carroll—the latter yet to be properly examined and edited. Most of the rest is mediocre stuff, with flashes, and I would do Ring a disservice to suggest it should be set upon an altar and worshiped, as have been the most casual relics of Mark Twain. God knows those three volumes should seem enough—to everyone who didn't know Ring. But I venture that no one who knew him but will agree that the personality of the man overlapped it. Proud, shy, solemn, shrewd, polite, brave, kind, merciful, honorable—with the affection these qualities aroused he created in addition a certain awe in people. His intentions, his will, once in motion were formidable factors in dealing with him—he always did every single thing he said he would do. Frequently he was the melancholy Jacques, and sad company indeed, but under any conditions a noble dignity flowed from him, so that time in his company always seemed well spent.

On my desk, at the moment, I have the letters that Ring wrote to us; here is a letter one thousand words long, here is one of two thousand words—theatrical gossip, literary shop talk, flashes of wit but not much wit, for he was feeling thin and saving the best of that for his work, anecdotes of his activities. I reprint the most typical one I can find:

> The Dutch Treat show was a week ago Friday night. Grant Rice and I had reserved a table, and a table holds ten people and no more. Well, I had invited, as one guest, Jerry Kern, but he telephoned at the last moment that he couldn't come. I then consulted with Grant Rice, who said he had no substitute in mind, but that it was a shame to waste our extra ticket when tickets were at a premium. So I called up Jones, and Jones said yes, and would it be all right for him to bring along a former Senator who was a pal of his and had been good to him in Washington. I said I was sorry, but our table was filled and besides, we didn't have an extra ticket. "Maybe I could dig up another ticket somewhere," said Jones. "I don't believe so," I said, "but anyway the point is that we haven't room at our table." "Well," said Jones, "I could have the Senator eat somewhere else and join us in time for the show." "Yes," I said, "but we have no ticket for him." Well, what he thought up was to bring himself and the Senator and I had a hell of a time getting an extra ticket and shoving the Senator in at another table where he wasn't wanted, and later in the evening, the Senator thanked Jones and said he was the greatest fella in the world and all I got was goodnight.
>
> Well, I must close and nibble on a carrot. R.W.L.

Even in a telegram Ring could compress a lot of himself. Here is one:

> When are you coming back and why please answer
> Ring Lardner.

This is not the moment to recollect Ring's convivial aspects, especially as he had, long before his death, ceased to find amusement in dissipation, or indeed in the whole range of what is called entertainment—save for his perennial interest in songs. By grace of the radio and of the many musicians who, drawn by his enormous magnetism, made pilgrimages to his bedside, he had a consolation in the last days, and he made the most of it, hilariously rewriting Cole Porter's lyrics in The New Yorker. But it would be an evasion for the present writer not to say that when he was Ring's neighbor a decade ago, they tucked a lot under their belts in many weathers, and spent many words on many men and things. At no time did I feel that I had known him enough, or that anyone knew him—it was not the feeling that there was more stuff in him and that it should come out, it was rather a qualitative difference, it was rather as though, due to some inadequacy in one's self, one had not penetrated to something unsolved, new and unsaid. That is why one wishes that Ring had written down a larger proportion of what was in his mind and heart. It would have saved him longer for us, and that in itself would be something. But I would like to know what it was, and now I will go on wishing—what did Ring want, how did he want things to be, how did he think things were?

A great and good American is dead. Let us not obscure him by the flowers, but walk up and look at that fine medallion, all torn by sorrows that perhaps we are not equipped to understand. Ring made no enemies, because he was kind, and to many millions he gave release and delight.

F. Scott Fitzgerald.

Documenting the Obvious

Our Movie Made Children, by Henry James Forman. New York: The Macmillan Company. 284 pages. $2.50.

FOUR YEARS ago a group of eighteen sociologists, psychologists and educators, financed by the Payne Fund, undertook to verify or disprove the suspicion that the average movie is harmful to children. Their conclusions, embodied in Mr. Forman's popular summary, confirm this suspicion. The investigators, whose detailed findings will be published in nine volumes by Macmillan, even produce some rather impressive evidence showing that on the whole non-movie-going children are brighter than movie-fans, so that Hollywood's net service to the child would appear to be zero minus.

Dr. W. W. Charters, of Ohio State University, who directed the study, vouches for the accuracy of Mr. Forman's summary, and in his introduction says that "the commercial movies present a critical and complicated situation in which the wholehearted and sincere coöperation of the producers with parents and public is essential to discover how to use motion pictures to the best advantage of chil-

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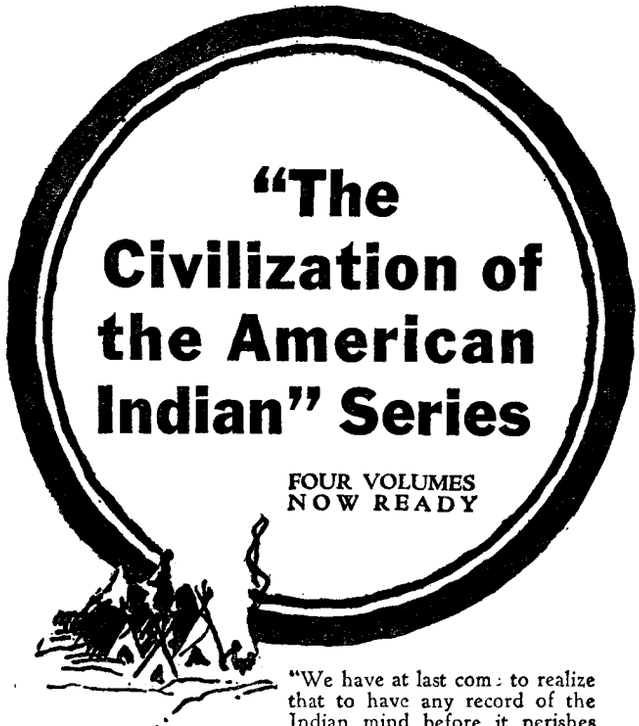

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dren." Some of the salient factors in this complicated situation as revealed by the investigators are the following:

That the average weekly attendance at the movies is about 77 million; that 36 percent of the movie patrons are under twenty-one, 15 percent are under fourteen, and 2.74 percent are under seven.

That adventure and horror pictures subject the younger children to severe nervous strain, and disturb their sleep.

That the pictures are an important factor in promoting crime and sexual delinquency.

That the movies constitute an independent, profit-motivated educational apparatus rivaling in influence the home, the school and the church.

Some of the statistical findings summarized by Mr. Forman are obviously valuable, but four years is a long time to spend in documenting the obvious. One is tempted to remark that Hollywood is not the only mountain that gives birth to mice. One wonders especially why the research group included no economist and no creative or critical worker in the specific field of the movie. The movies *are* a business and, potentially at least, an art form. If the cultural uses of the movie are perverted by profit-motivated business men, isn't this precisely the nexus of fact to be examined and interpreted by social scientists? If, as the studies show, the average product of the Hollywood ex-pants-makers is either pornography or stultifying fantasy devoid of genuine social content—dope, in other words—why talk about "wholehearted and sincere coöperation" with these dope-peddlers? The study was made at the behest of the Motion Picture Research Council, a reform organization among whose directors are Jane Addams and Wesley Mitchell, and the Council announces that it intends to "formulate and issue recommendations for an adequate use of the film in all fields of amusement, education and social up-building, and then to aid in carrying into effect its social program." Since Will Hays, himself a practical sociologist of no mean talent, is also likely to be heard from, future developments should be worth watching.

JAMES RORTY.

Stony Broke

Down and Out in Paris and London, by George Orwell. New York: Harper and Brothers. 292 pages. $2.50.

MR. ORWELL writes: "It is altogether curious, your first contact with poverty . . . You thought that it would be . . . simple; it is extraordinarily complicated. You thought that it would be terrible; it is merely squalid and boring. It is the peculiar *lowness* of poverty that you discover first . . . the complicated meanness, the crust-wiping." And after poverty has become casualized, it is—utter degradation. It begets in people "a sniveling self-pity." All their energy is forcibly directed into the satisfaction of primary wants—shelter, no matter how miserable, food, even though it be dug from a garbage can and, less important, sexual gratification, despite the fact that it be brutalized or perverted, and that it exact a toll of disease. Poverty is an unnecessary and disgusting waste of human life; the author makes this point clear.

George Orwell is an Eton graduate. In the beginning, his interest in poverty was impersonal, but he found himself penniless in Paris. He pawned his belongings, foraged for food and work, and was finally employed as a *plongeur* (dish-washer and handy man) in a smart Parisian hotel. There he slaved ten hours a day and longer in a dim and

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filthy cavern behind the glittering dining rooms of the establishment. His wages merely kept him alive. He escaped, only to be forced, for a period, into living a tramp's life in England. Again he met with degradation, hopelessness, squalor.

His account is genuine, unexaggerated and intelligent. Possessing a sense of character, Mr. Orwell adorns his narrative with portraits and vignettes that give the book interest and concreteness. In addition, he contrasts poverty in France and England, and his contrasts tend somewhat to reveal the differences between the two nations. And with humility he suggests, as a final word, that his study is only a beginning in understanding this problem. His story permits only a thin trickle of ooze to come to the surface. Orwell has escaped from the depths. There are thousands to whom no door of escape is opened. "Down and Out in Paris and London" will give readers a sense of what life means to these thousands.

JAMES T. FARRELL.

Book Notes

BELLES LETTRES

FORM IN MODERN POETRY, by Herbert Read. *New York: Sheed and Ward. 94 pages. $1.*

Although this little book is one of the series of "Essays in Order" designed to examine and to reduce current confusions through the agency of an enlightened Catholicism, one may find interest in Professor Read's discourse without sharing the convictions of his editors. Defining poetry as the verbal expression of a state of intellectual tension, he excludes from consideration, as outside this definition, what Dryden called "wit writing," and finds a poetic tradition in English poetry running from Chaucer to Shakespeare, to be resumed by Wordsworth and Coleridge, and coming on down, through Browning and Hopkins, to Wilfred Owen, Pound and Eliot. Most of his attention is devoted to Hopkins, whom he praises both for his superb contribution to the body of English poetry and for the strict demands he made upon his fellow poets. A good deal of spa e is also given to drawing distinctions between character and personality. Professor Read concludes with a demand that the contemporary poet be, as Shakespeare was, "a man of no character nor convictions, of no caste nor culture, but just a naked sensibility living in its own gusto. . . . " Yet this naked and hungry sensibility is not enough: the poet, Professor Read insists, must rise above the realm of experience to that of intellectual vision. Possessed of a coherent personality, he will produce work which, even in this distracted age, will have its own sufficient order. Obviously, this is an essay which raises as many questions as it answers; it may best be described as provocative—and occasionally provoking.

THE HEART OF EMERSON'S ESSAYS: Selections from His Complete Works. Edited with an Introduction and Notes, by Bliss Perry. *Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 368 pages. $3.*

"What is stressed in these selections," says Mr. Perry, "is Emerson's counsel to the individual person." On that basis, the selection is as excellent as Bliss Perry would be expected to make it: not only are the more obvious essays included, but such unhackneyed pieces as the account of Ezra Ripley, the descriptions of Coleridge, Carlyle and Wordsworth in "English Traits," and the lecture on "Country Life." On the other hand, Emerson the intransigent—except on general grounds, as in "Self-Reliance"—is hardly represented at all. Mr. Perry has studiously omitted the essays and lectures in which Emerson spoke out most specifically against the entrenched interests of his day, and you will not find in this volume "Man the Reformer," "The Conservative," "Politics," "War," the speeches on John Brown, the address on the Fugitive Slave Law, the "Speech on Affairs in Kansas," or anything of the sort. Twenty-three pages are found for "Out of Doors," but not ten for Emerson's denunciations of the "cotton Whigs." The result is certainly a more charming book than it

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Biography and Memoirs

PULL DEVIL, PULL BAKER, by Stella Benson. *New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.*

From the pauper ward of a hospital in Hongkong, the memoirs of the Count de Toulouse Lautrec de Savine, K. M., come to us, edited and interpreted by Stella Benson, who characterizes them as "the memories of an old man who has never grown old enough to be ashamed of his youth—who has never been ashamed of Romance, or of anything else in capital letters." For him the world "was really nothing but a series of frying pans and fires, and his whole career a mere leaping from one to the other." The leaps are recounted in a jargon which itself demands strenuous athletics from the reader, but it is worth the effort. In its headlong heedlessness, its mixture of the gallant and the childish, it is thoroughly expressive of the hero who describes himself as a "very good-known men, member of a hyg aristocratic famely of French decend . . . for long yahrs martyr of the Tsar's tyranny, . . . Twice escapet from Siberia and trampet the world over. Elected by the Bulgarian peopel to the tron of Bulgaria at 1887 but arrested by the Tsar for it." Miss Benson in her interludes has done a sparkling and creative piece of editing. She explains th Count, laughs at him, remodels him to fit her theories, but she never eclipses him. Even where she rewrites his adventures and "loving stories" her version, being of the thin and brittle school, acts as foil to the robust quality of his.

Public Questions

ECONOMIC RECONSTRUCTION LEGISLATION OF 1933. *New York: National Industrial Conference Board. 214 pages. $2.50.*

The first twenty-four pages of this paper-bound pamphlet contain an excellent and complete topical digest of the recovery legislation, alphabetically arranged from Agriculture to Wage Rates. Along the way are not only the subjects which have assumed so much prominence in the news, but other things such as Fertilizer, Foreign Exchange, Home Loans, Imports, Silver, Taxation and National Employment Service. Part II is composed of the full text of the seventeen recovery laws which Congress enacted in the famous hundred days. There is no opinion, discussion or interpretation, outside of a brief foreword by Virgil Jordan. The book is essential for reference and as a foundation for study of what is now going on.

TOWARD A UNITED FRONT: A Philosophy For American Workers, by Leon Samson. *New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 298 pages. $2.50.*

Mr. Samson approaches the problem of American working-class unity through the mazes of "the American mind." Americans have hitherto been unwilling to accept socialism, he asserts, because they believed it to be a European importation incompatible with Americanism, the belief in democracy, opportunity, prosperity. Mr. Samson contends that the two creeds are really one and that therefore Americans are already socialists at heart, just as American capitalism is socialist in spirit. The task of the Left intellectual and the working-class leader is to demonstrate this essential identity of Americanism with the socialist ideal to the skeptical worker and tap the revolutionary energies which are now drawn off into sport, sex and other amusements. Mr. Samson's arguments are so fantastic that it is difficult to take him seriously as a political thinker.

Religion and Philosophy

THE CHRISTIAN RENAISSANCE, by G. Wilson Knight. *Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. 374 pages. $3.50.*

Before being a critic, Mr. Knight is a missionary, an evangelist. On the last page of his long essay, he asks that "we receive the Holy Eros and divine comforter, whose silent kiss and invisible embrace holds warmth and joy without which we starve." And he continues, "though our days be darkly embroidered with suffer-

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ing, our pain is not unheeded; and however grim the forces of death may seem to us, life is always marshaling new myriads to drive that death finally into the hell from which it arose." Mr. Knight's Christian Renaissance is a state of grace yet to come—in the near future—when Christianity and poetry will experience that marriage which will vitalize the former and complete the meaning of the latter; only a Christian renaissance can "fulfill the derelict purposes of the modern world."

THE MEANING OF RIGHT AND WRONG, by Richard C. Cabot. *New York: The Macmillan Company. 473 pages. $3.50.*

Richard C. Cabot, physician, Harvard professor of Social Ethics and of Clinical Medicine and patron of social work, ventures again in this book into the field of ethics. He tells a lay audience in plain English (in spite of an occasional Emersonianism) what right and wrong mean, and how they can be applied in the contemporary scene. His definition of right turns around the words agreement, need, growth: a right act is one that keeps right agreements; right agreements are those which express "real" needs; and the basic need is growth. The application verges on law (making and enforcing agreements), social reform (changing agreements to keep abreast of new needs) and psychology (diagnosing "real" needs and exposing stereotypes of self-deceit). The virtues of the book are its sincerity, its freshness and its eye for fact. Its weakness is the fact that, in spite of the author's intention, the approach remains predominantly individualistic. His emancipation from the Puritan tradition is not complete enough to face the problem of the moral man in immoral society.

Fiction

THE DELICATE FIRE, by Naomi Mitchison. *New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.*

In this omnibus of short stories, sketches and poems, Mrs. Mitchison draws largely on ancient Greek and Roman life. Her most frequent theme, and the one she handles best, is slavery; she can write about it with a sympathy that would have befitted a Greek or Roman abolitionist. But she is no Harriet Beecher Stowe. Her characters, whether they be slaves or masters, are for the most part well bred, educated persons who, while they are being whipped or are doing the whipping, can rationalize their deeds with the correct philosophy to fit the situation. One of the best selections, "The Wife of Aglaos," traces the psychological evolution of a fine lady who, sold by barbarians as a slave, goes through a series of harsh experiences that change her attitude towards "culture" and her fellow men. Another story tells of a group of slaves who turn against their master; then, instead of killing him, make him one of them. In general Mrs. Mitchison's short stories are far better than her sketches or poems.

GIPSY WAGGON, by Sheila Kaye-Smith. *New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.*

Miss Kaye-Smith is a follower of Hardy and the Edwardians in her emphasis upon environment as a source of literary values. Sussex instead of Wessex is her field. In "Gipsy Waggon" the land itself is the suffering hero, and the characters merely symbols of its tragedy. The story follows "The End of the House of Alard" in tracing the fortunes of the countryside about Conster after Sir Gervase Alard abandoned his ancestral acres and retired to an Anglican monastery to pursue the spiritual life. Selling his land to the farmers merely involved them in the ruin that came upon agricultural England after the War. The chronicle, divided by years, 1924 to 1933, records the sale by foreclosure of the old farms of Ethnam, Barline, Ellenhorne, Winterland, Float, Dinglesden—the houses converted into residences for spurious country gentlemen; the land put into grass except where highway frontage invited speculation in villas and bungalows. Miss Kaye-Smith's novel has the sociological implication of a genuine and honorable way of life fighting for existence against the encroachments of a vulgar bourgeois civilization. But the sweet breath of the countryside, the weather of frost and sun, the wide, pleasant landscape of fields and brooks and shaws, are in her later pages as in her earlier ones, though humanity has been uprooted and enjoys them from a gipsy wagon.

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NOTES ON BOOKS

The Poetry of W. B. Yeats.....Theodore Spencer
The Poetry of Stephen Spender..Archibald MacLeish
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Some Fall Books Not Yet Reviewed

Fiction

All Men Are Brothers, by Shui Hu Chuan. Translated by Pearl S. Buck. The John Day Company.
Three Cities, by Sholom Asch. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Gentlemen, I Address You Privately, by Kay Boyle. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas.
We Are the Living, by Erskine Caldwell. The Viking Press.
The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan, by James T. Farrell. The Vanguard Press.
Winner Take Nothing, by Ernest Hemingway. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Long Pennant, by Oliver La Farge. Houghton Mifflin Company.
No More Trumpets, by George Milburn. Harcourt, Brace and Company.
After Such Pleasures, by Dorothy Parker. The Viking Press.
The Death of a World, by Romain Rolland. Henry Holt and Company.
Ida Elisabeth, by Sigrid Undset. Alfred A. Knopf.

Biography and Memoirs

The Columbia Biographical Dictionary of Americans, edited by Arthur Charles Pound. Columbia University Press.
Testament of Youth, by Vera Brittain. The Macmillan Company.
Homecoming, by Floyd Dell. Farrar and Rinehart.
Flush: A Biography, by Virginia Woolf. Harcourt, Brace and Company.
The Two Franklins: Fathers of American Democracy, by Bernard Faÿ. Little, Brown and Company.
The Memoirs of David Lloyd George, Volume I and II. Little, Brown and Company.
My Battle, by Adolf Hitler. Houghton Mifflin Company.
Along This Way, by James Weldon Johnson. The Viking Press.
The Life and Friendships of Dean Swift, by Stephen Gwynn. Henry Holt and Company.
Vincent Van Gogh, by Julius Meier-Graefe. Harcourt, Brace and Company.
Bare Hands and Stone Walls, by Charles Edward Russell. Charles Scribner's Sons.
The Book of Talbot, by Violet Clifton. Harcourt, Brace and Company.
The Journal of Gamaliel Bradford. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Poetry and Criticism

The Measure, by Léonie Adams. Alfred A. Knopf.
The Lone Striker, by Robert Frost. Alfred A. Knopf.
Phoenix in Broadcloth, by Horace Gregory. Covici-Friede.
The Great Tradition, by Granville Hicks. The Macmillan Company.
Selected Poems of Archibald MacLeish. Houghton Mifflin Company.
Talifer, by Edward Arlington Robinson. The Macmillan Company.
Strange Victory, by Sara Teasdale. The Macmillan Company.
Collected Poems, by William Butler Yeats. The Macmillan Company.
Art's Right to Independence, by Max Eastman. Alfred A. Knopf.
Past Masters, by Thomas Mann. Alfred A. Knopf.
Letters to the Other Island, by William Butler Yeats. Harvard University Press.

General

The American Procession: a history in photographs edited by Agnes Rogers and Frederick Lewis Allen. Harper and Brothers.
The Journey of the Flame, by Antonio de Fierro Blanco. Houghton Mifflin Company.
Black Reconstruction in America, by W. E. B. Du Bois. Harcourt Brace and Company.
Modern Man in Search of a Soul, by C. G. Jung. Harcourt Brace and Company.

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The Fathers, by Allen Tate. Minton, Balch and Company.
The Intelligent Man's Review of Europe Today, by G. D. H. and Margaret Cole. Alfred A. Knopf.
The Brown Book of the Hitler Terror. With introductions by Romain Rolland, André Gide, Henri Barbusse, Ernst Toller, and others. Alfred A. Knopf.
Security Speculation: Its Economic Effects, by John T. Flynn. Harcourt, Brace and Company.
How Safe Is Life Insurance? by L. Seth Schnitman. The Vanguard Press.
Chinese Destinies, by Agnes Smedley. The Vanguard Press.
Nature and Nurture, by Lancelot Hogben. W. W. Norton and Company.
Science and the Human Temperament, by Edwin H. Schroedinger. W. W. Norton and Company.
The Limitations of Science, by J. W. N. Sullivan. The Viking Press.
The Philosophy of Mr. Justice Cardozo, by Oscar S. Cox. The Macmillan Company.
This Side of Jordan, by Julia Peterkin and Doris Ulmann. Robert A. Ballou.
Some Terms of Thought in Modern Philosophy, by George Santayana. Charles Scribner's Sons.
The Life and Hard Times of James Thurber, by James Thurber. Harper and Brothers.

Contributors

MAXWELL S. STEWART, an economist on the research staff of the Foreign Policy Association, recently returned from his third trip to the Soviet Union.

HORACE GREGORY, author of two volumes of poetry, the second being "No Retreat," has been at work on a critical study of D. H. Lawrence which the Viking Press will publish this fall.

GRIFFIN BARRY was Associated Press Correspondent and later correspondent for The London Daily Herald, organ of the British Labor party, at the Peace Conference. He is at present living in New York City.

MARQUIS W. CHILDS has lately returned from Europe where he wrote a series of articles on economic and social changes for The St. Louis Post-Dispatch, of which he is an editor.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER, the author of a novel and a volume of verse, is at present writing his second novel.

LEWIS MUMFORD, whose biographies and books on art, literature and the social sciences are well known to readers of The New Republic, is now completing his study of "Technics and Civilization."

MAX LERNER is a member of the editorial staff of "The Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences."

F. VINTON LINDLEY is a class of 1933 graduate of Yale, where he distinguished himself by his work in the English department. In his senior year he was chairman of The Yale Literary Magazine.

EDNA KENTON is the author of "Simon Kenton, His Life and Period: 1755-1836" and "With Hearts Courageous," the story of the early French Jesuits in America, which was the Junior Literary Guild selection for last March.

MARY AUSTIN, author of a number of plays and novels and a frequent contributor to the magazines, published "Earth Hunger," an autobiography, last year.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD is the well known novelist whose "This Side of Paradise" won instant popularity as the horn-book of the jazz age. He contributes frequently to magazines and is at present living in this country.

JAMES RORTY, who has contributed verse and prose to various magazines, is at present in Westport, Connecticut, working on a book dealing with diverse aspects of American life.

JAMES T. FARRELL has written three novels, the latest one being "The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan," which the Vanguard Press will publish this month. He recently returned to his native city of Chicago after a brief stay at Yaddo.

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STATE OF NEW YORK } ss
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Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Daniel Mebane, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of The New Republic and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Law and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing director, and business manager, are:

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Managing Editor, Bruce Bliven,
421 W. 21st St., New York, N. Y.

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2. That the owners are:

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Signature of Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of September, 1933.

E. B. YOUNG, Notary Public.
My commission expires March 30, 1935.

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